

NOVEMBER

Courage

Man's Daring Adventures

25c

I WAS TRAPPED
IN TERROR TRENCH

Inside A Desert Harem

**TRAIL OF
THE DEATH DOG**
CONFESSIONS
OF A GIGOLO

THE 6
SCANTY
COSTUMES OF DIANE



IMPORTANT Medical Facts For Every Man Who Has Passed His 40th Birthday Men, Too, Go Thru "Change of Life"

DOCTORS CALL IT

"MALE CLIMACTERIC"

WE MEN PAST FORTY HATE TO ADMIT IT! But—it's True! And, Thank Goodness, a Safe, New Discovery is Now Available (Without Prescription) To Us When We May Need it Most.



Doctors know it, employers know it... and many men past forty "feel" something is happening, but usually don't know what it is... After the first forty years, the human body undergoes important normal changes. But, men think that "change of life" occurs only in women! This "change" happens in MEN as well as women. You can be in perfect health and still go thru "change of life"... because it is a change that may occur in anyone over forty. Don't

take my word for it... ask your doctor. During "male climacteric" or as we call it "change of life"... it is more important than ever that your body be at its strongest and not deficient in vital vitamins and minerals during this period. Yes, your body needs not just "any" vitamin or mineral... but a combination of nutritional supplements created especially for the needs of older men and women. If you've read this far, you are sincerely interested... please continue on for facts that will absolutely amaze you.

Amazing Health in a Capsule Discovery You've Long Heard Was Coming!

Recently, a well known scientist perfected this all new After 40 Capsule vitamin and mineral formula... he created it especially for men and women past forty. Yes, he combined a special group of essential vitamins and minerals that his years of study revealed were most needed, often lacking by folks approaching the late years when "change of life" usually occurs. Common sense and your doctor will tell you your body often requires a supply of different vitamins and minerals in different amounts during the older years than they did during your younger years to function at their best. Perhaps as a child you took cod-liver oil... you don't take it now. During your older years you are more interested in maintaining your body... during younger years the main interest was in growth. That's why the special AFTER 40 Capsule formula is so important... it was created for the exclusive needs of older folks... for YOU, and no one else. TRY AT OUR EXPENSE!

I've Said it ...

**You've Said It Too,
"When I Was Younger I
Could Eat Anything... But
Now..." It's An Old Story
When You Get Past Forty!**

You can fool yourself... but you can't fool Nature. As we grow older usually our appetite is smaller and our digestion isn't as good. We can't eat everything we should eat to maintain our best health. If we wear plates, or have missing teeth which is common during the later years we can eat only certain foods. It's no fun, I know. Just when we are at a time of life when we need every bit of nutritional help we can get... Nature seems to be working against us by making it more difficult to eat the foods we need most. During "change of life" we should be more careful than ever not to suffer vitamin or mineral deficiencies which may well aggravate or prolong our suffering. Don't take needless and foolish risks during this important time of your life. MAIL HOME TRIAL COUPON TODAY. SEE WHAT AN AMAZING DIFFERENCE AFTER 40 CAPSULES MAY MAKE IN YOUR LIFE!

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**Don't Surrender to Vitamin & Mineral
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tional "No Risk" Home Trial Offer!**

What Is Climacteric?...

Medical dictionaries tell us "climacteric" is the time of life when the body undergoes a radical change. First, usually between 12-17, when boys become men and girls women... and again usually between 40-50.

Whom Does Climacteric Affect?

Both men and women. In women it is called "menopause" or "change of life"... in men, doctors call it "Male Climacteric".

What Can Be Done?...

During the late years, it is more important than ever that your system isn't deficient in the very nutrients nature created to help your body in times of need. After 40 Capsules supply the body with a special combination of vitamins and minerals that are often lacking in older folks during these important years. SHOW THE AFTER 40 FORMULA TO YOUR DOCTOR... he will tell you what an excellent one it is!

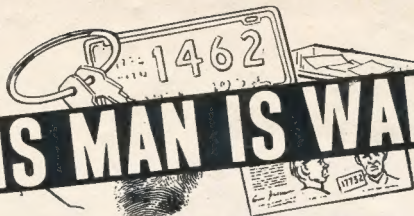
"MIDDLE AGED" FOLKS, Please Read Carefully!

A famous scientist stated that nutrition is one of the greatest problems in preventative medicine. With After 40 Capsules you are taking the first step to keep your health from falling below par by supplying your body with essential vitamins and valuable minerals. These are absolutely necessary as your doctor will tell you to attain a healthier body and a better outlook on life. After 40 Capsules are especially designed for people over forty to combat vitamin and mineral deficiencies that may often lead to disease.

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COURAGE, MEN—

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ISSUE'S PIN-UP QUEEN, GRETA THYSSEN





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WE HACKED THROUGH THEIR

FLESH

By SGT. HAROLD SPAIN, as told to B. W. von Block

THE SHELL was a big one—a 152 at least by the sound of it. The driving-band was loose and the thing drilled through the air with a hellish screech. I heard it coming straight for us and slammed myself against the rock-studded ground.

Jagged steel splattered all over the hillside and the ear-shattering "crumpp" of the explosion blotted out all the other crashing sounds of battle. I clutched at the earth beneath me, my body an icy, fear-stricken blob of trembling, sweat-drenched clay.

The slender, brown-skinned little man crouched next to me laughed! He laughed loudly in his high, thin voice . . .

"Come on, 'Hollywood!'" he yowled gleefully. "We got a long way to go—"

I tried to stand up. I had trouble. I was loaded down with gear—most of it useless in the suicidal situation in which I found myself. I shook my head to clear it. My brain-box still rang and buzzed from the shell-blast.

The little man—Lt. Serafino Esposito—reached down and grabbed my arm. He yanked me up into a standing position. I saw that he still held his knife. Only the blade wasn't bright and shiny now. It was red and sticky with blood. I saw it and I wanted to get very sick.

The young Filipino officer smiled broadly. He appeared totally oblivious to the fire-fight raging around us. We could have been strolling in Central Park—instead of working our way up a hill swarming with heavily-armed enemy troops!

"Come on!" Lt. Esposito urged once more, a trace of impatience in his tone. "Maybe you can take pictures of the next one I kill!"

Ahead and on both sides of us, men were fighting and dying. The Chinese were hosing 76 and 152-millimeter shells down our throats. Machine guns and BAR's and rifles thudded and chattered.

"Madmen!" I cursed my companion half-hysterically. "You're all a bunch of goddamn madmen!"

It wasn't my first taste of combat. Not by a long shot. I'd served in the Marines during World War II. I'd hit plenty of Pacific beach-heads while the Japs were shooting hell out of our assault waves. In the months I'd been in Korea as a Signal Corps cameraman, I photographed countless actions.

**IT WAS A BUTCHER SHOP IN HELL, STREWN WITH
KNIFE-CARVED LUMPS OF FLESH, GOUTY WITH BLOOD.
"MADMEN!" I SCREAMED, "MADMEN!"**

But this was insanity! Ordered to film the activities of the 20th Battalion Combat Team, the Filipino unit making up part of the UN forces, I allowed myself to be talked into accompanying two of the outfit's platoons.

"We'll attack at 1000 hours," Captain Ramos, the battalion operations officer told me.

"A frontal assault in broad daylight?" I asked.

"Sure. We can't see in the dark, can we? You can go along with Lt. Serafino Esposito. He's a good officer."

Even then, I didn't think too much of it—not until I saw the force assembled for the assault. There were only two somewhat understrength platoons—and the Chinese had at least 200 men dug into deep bunkers and covered trenches on the objective!

It was too late to back out. Why? How the hell do I know? You get in so far—and then you're afraid of being called yellow. You know you're in a jam, but you stick because you're ashamed to admit your guts are churning and you're livid with fear.

My hands were shaking when I wound up the Eyemo movie camera I carried. I ran a 100-foot roll through it. I caught a long shot



"The rising shriek of the incoming shell triggered my tensed muscles."

and a few closeups of the Filipino GI's waiting for the order to move out.

I watched them in amazement. They were laughing and joking. Someone brought Lt. Esposito over to meet me. He shook my hand

and promptly dubbed me "Hollywood." He insisted I inspect the men in his platoon.

"Maybe you'll make us all movie stars?" he kidded.

The soldiers were all short and
(Continued on page 50)

"They hacked and stabbed and slashed their way. It was an advance made with every step through the enemy's blood."





TRAIL OF THE DEATH DOG . . .

By LLOYD A. SMITH, as told to Paul Brock

THE HEAVY LASH of walrus hide scorched across the dark gray husky's back. His quivering belly flattened to the snow. The whip clipped out tufts of fur and cut deep into his flesh. Again and again it fell. The dog's small triangular ears flattened, his lips rolled back, and his toenails dug into the frozen reindeer moss under the soft snow.

Suddenly his fear of the Alaskan Indian musher who had put harness on him and hooked him to a sled three days ago vanished like snow poured on a red-hot stove. In its place surged the natural impulse to destroy. All the savage fury of his father's ancestors was in the snarl that shattered the frosty air. His flanks and haunches tensed, and the dog sprang at his tormentor. The savage fangs pierced soft flesh, and the lash fell no more. The musher sank to the ground, hands clutching at his torn throat, and blood oozed through his mitts.

Other Indians dragged the dog away, and they called him "Mamaloose," which is the Alaskan Indian's word for death. From that day on, man was his enemy.

I got him a month later while passing through the Indian village with the first trip of the Salt Water land mail. The native who had intended to shoot Mamaloose told me of the dog's reputation. When I offered to buy him, the Indian told me of the dogs Mamaloose had crippled. He spoke of Indian children who had soon learned that the dog cared nothing for their petting and had written the lesson in many tiny scars on sinewy legs and copper-colored hands. A valuable lead dog had forgotten his wisdom long enough to take a piece of dried salmon from Mamaloose, and was killed on the spot. He told me about the Alaskan Indian musher whose throat had been torn out.

I answered his recital with a slow smile, for I was a musher from the moosehide soles of my moc-casins to the two marten tails atop my fur cap, and I was willing to gamble on my own judgement.

The defiant look in the slanted hazel eyes that met mine pleased me. I liked defiance. I preferred self-respect to cowering obedience. Disposition was a matter of training. Anything in the way of dog

flesh as near perfect as Mamaloose was worth spending plenty of time on.

That dog was 100 pounds of hard bone and muscle. Those pads were wide, flat, and well-haired. Feet like that stood up, and it took a close coupled dog to show the advantages of weight. Those legs were well muscled too. And even a chechako—the rawest kind of tenderfoot—could see that there was more than average canine intelligence in that broad, flat face. When I left the camp, Mamaloose was in my string.

The second day after leaving I had the flesh torn from the back of one of my hands, and before the week was up I had a slash on my thigh that extended all the way from hip to knee.

"He's young, but don't worry, I'll train him yet," I told the bunch at the relief cabin that night, but the other men—mushers like myself who made their living pounding Alaska's unmeasured trails—shook their heads in doubt.

Most of them knew the mail route from the little seaport village in to Fort Egbert. There was no airstrip at that outpost, and no landing lake within

30 miles, and dragging supplies in by sled had paid well. Many a time these boys had themselves flirted with the mile-deep crevasses of the Salkeena Glacier, and they had crossed those tundra flats between Lacket Creek and Sutna River in a blistering 50-below frozen hell. They all knew that only a dog who knew his stuff was any use to a man when bitter, Arctic fury swept the trail.

"Why work a killer?" they asked me, but I only shrugged. Why try and explain my attachment for the dog? Already I thought more of the vicious, defiant Mamaloose than any other dog in my string. I'd make a leader of him yet, and to hell with his poisonous disposition. It was intelligence that counted and Mamaloose had plenty of that.

By midwinter I had scars on my left forearm, and one of my older dogs had been killed. The death dog still worked in the lead, and I still boasted about him to any who would listen.

"Ornery as a wolverine," I'd say. "But trail-wise! He knows the route better than I do, and I've been pounding it for five winters now. He's a natural born

THE HUSKY WAS STRONG, SMART, VICIOUS, AND HATED MEN. HIS

MUZZLE KNEW THE TASTE OF HUMAN BLOOD—AND LIKED IT



"I crept quietly to a corner of the cabin, hidden from the dogs. A pencil of light stabbed through the logs."

there if it hadn't been for the three unfilled harnesses dangling from my handlebars.

The casualties on the team and the delay on the glacier made me late getting into the relief cabin that night. I fed the dogs, but I had no kind word for Mamaloose.

I was well below the storm here, and in the daylight clearness of the cold moon I looked that dog in the eye. But Mamaloose didn't cringe as any other dog would have done. He stared back with a look that made me feel the big husky knew what awaited him.

The dog's brazen guts made me just that more certain that I would kill him at the end of the run the following night. I swore this a dozen times as I unloaded the canvas mail bags from the sled and cooked my supper. I rolled out my sleeping bag with the thought in my mind that all the guys would now have the laugh on me.

Some time later a vicious snarl outside awakened me. I lay for a moment, thinking that perhaps some animal was prowling near the dogs. Then I distinctly heard the crunch of heavy feet on the snow and the angry rumble that came from the throat of Mamaloose.

I slipped out of my sleeping bag and groped for my flashlight. Suddenly the door was thrown open. The moonlight flooded in, and I knew what was happening right then. A big man in a fur cap and denim parka almost filled the doorway. A raised rifle was steady in his hands, and another face peered over his shoulder. I saw the lean, black-stubbed face, with one slitted eye glittering at the spot on my chest where the rifle slug would enter.

I didn't wait for it. I hurled myself backward and sideways, my hand streaking for my own gun. The rifle roared and pain seared through my left shoulder. It roared again. I sagged to the floor and blackness came.

My first sensation when I regained consciousness was one of extreme cold. The cabin door was open, the fire in the rusted Yukon stove in the corner had long since burned out. Stiffly I pulled myself to my feet. The effort sent shooting pains through my left side and arm. With a shaking right hand I felt the wound in my shoulder. One shot had broken my collar-bone. My heavy wool underwear was stiff with blood and it was like ice against my pain-wracked body. The second shot had pierced my left arm but had not shattered the bone.

Three times I had to sink to the ground and rest before I could rebuild the fire. Worry added to my troubles. My gun was gone, and so were the blue-and-white-striped mail bags that had been piled behind the door. A glance outside showed me that my team and sled had also been taken by the thugs.

Mail robbery! What were they after? The bulky registered parcel addressed to the Bear Valley Mining Company? The straight mail would never tempt anyone, and there hadn't been any ore samples—never was on the inbound trip.

I mulled the thing over as I painfully dug up a meal out of the grub box which had been left behind. With my wounds cleaned (Continued on page 48)

leader."

"And ruthless killer," said Joe Falaise, one of my best friends. "He's some dog all right, but he'll get you into a jam sometime, just as sure as shooting." "You may be right," I said; "but remember that I've cut a whole day off my run through using Mamaloose. I'll take my chances."

Gambling on my own judgement, I put more and more faith into my lead dog as the bitter cold of January and its scant four hours of gray daylight gave way to the uncertain weather of February.

Once, when Sutna flats stretched ahead, and the air was so full of swirling frost that vision was limited to five yards, I relied solely upon the intelligence behind those rebellious hazel eyes. We came out at the exact spot where the snow-hidden trail entered the timber on the far side of the dangerous 10-mile sweep of frozen tundra.

Then, one day on the way in from the seaport, the death dog almost made the black prophecies about him come true. He came within inches of getting me into a 100 percent jam.

An insane wind tramped across the glacier and hid Salkeena's yawning death traps in gusty clouds of snow. The bitter, Arctic-born gale seared flesh where it struck, and it turned warm breath to sudden smoke.

It decorated the chests of my dogs with lace of frost, and it made white quills of their black whiskers. It froze their lashes together and blinded them, as it did me, their driver. It shrieked and howled, bored its way through the thick coats of the dogs and sought

the seams in my caribou-calf parka.

Down over the rough and crevasse-checked surface of Old Salkeena, I rode my three-clawed brake, but the ice was swept clean and hard as flint. The saw-steel runners rang over patches as black as ebony, and others marine green. I missed gaping chasms by breathtaking margins, and crossed a fissure on a wind-packed snow bridge that wouldn't have held my weight if I had have been going any slower.

I was just forming a silent compliment to the judgement of my lead dog when it happened.

Blazer, the big Siberian with a sizable dash of Eskimo, who had been working on the haw side of the lead, nipped Mamaloose on the haunch as the death dog hesitated when confronted with an angle of two cracks.

That nip was Blazer's death warrant. And the execution couldn't have taken place in a worse spot, for there was windswept ice under both dogs and sled.

Slowly, despite all the weight I could put on the brake, the heavily-laden 12-foot sled slipped sideways towards the yawning chasm as I fought to hold it back. I didn't even have time to look at the fight. There was a bloody, yelping free-for-all. Mamaloose first wheeled and struck the insulting swing dog. The Siberian, with one shoulder torn, leaped back among those hitched behind. The death dog followed, his head swinging low, the killer light in his eyes. In one second, the team of nine was a snarling, slashing jumble, slipping and sliding on the wind-swept patch of emerald ice.

I bellowed at Mamaloose, but the mad gale shoved my words back down my throat. Slowly, the sled inched over, closer to the edge of the deep crevasse. The wind blustered against the basket sides and the weight of the tumbling mass of fighting dogs pulled the nose down as the brake claw half held a pivot.

I took in the whole situation through my frost-rimmed lashes. Another foot and I'd have to jump clear of the sled and let go. I thought of the possibility of cutting the towline to save the dogs. Not a chance! They'd have to go to their deaths, wedged in the bottom of an ice grave 100 feet deep.

I yelled again. The sled swung, then stopped suddenly. It quivered with a nervous jerking of the towline as Mamaloose tore out the Siberian's jugular. The air left my lungs in a gust of relief as a rough projection in the surface of the ice held me.

It was a nightmare job getting out of there even after Mamaloose was willing to listen to commands. Carefully, I worked the team and sled back to where wind-packed snow gave them sure footing.

The big Siberian was already stiffening in death as he was dragged back. When I had the string straightened out, I was left with two dogs so crippled that they had to be hauled. The rest licked minor wounds and answered their leader snarl for snarl.

I swore by all the saints that watch over troubled dog mushers that I'd kill Mamaloose when I reached the end of my run at Fort Egbert. I'd been a fool to let my admiration of a dog's beauty sway my judgement. I'd very probably have killed him right

INSIDE A DESERT

By JEFF DUNBAR

JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS of the U. S. Supreme Court once asked a merchant why the Sudan exported so few crops.

"You're wrong, *effendi*," smiled the merchant. "We do export a huge crop. Not cotton or wheat, perhaps, but something far more valuable. We export slaves."

Fara was a girl of 12 when she was stolen from her family. For two years she was kept with the tribe which stole her, then she was sold to a slave trader. For another six months she traveled the desert as the trader added more slaves to his caravan. Finally she was sold to an Arab harem.

At the slave gate in Mecca, the traffic in girls is both open and brisk.

Sheiks from the desert bid against merchants from the city for the nude beauties from Circassia or Ethiopia who stand before them on the slave block.

With the other girls, Fara was stripped, then wrapped in loose robes before being offered for sale.

Ordinary girls were disposed of first for whatever they would bring. The prettier girls were held for later. Fara was scheduled among the last.

When it was her turn, she was led forward while the slave trader extolled her beauty and her skills, sexual and otherwise. Unlike the girls who had gone before, Fara did not remove her robe to get the bidding started. She didn't have to. The men standing around the edge of the raised platform of the slave block could see her face, and the spiel by the slave trader was enough to get things started.

The bidding reached \$100 before it began to slacken.

Slowly Fara unwrapped her flowing robe, baring her nude body for inspection, revealing her proud breasts and golden thighs. For a moment she stood thus, arms held high and the robe floating behind her in the light breeze, then she allowed it to settle on her shoulders and shield her body from the hot desert sun.

HAREM





This is a typical slave girl, a Circassian, ready to go on display.

**WHEN THE SLAVERS DISPLAYED HER,
SHE HAD A FIRM YOUNG BODY.....
WHEN HER OWNER WAS FINISHED,
HER SKIN HUNG IN TATTERS.....**

This time the bidding reached \$150 before Fara removed her robe again.

The sight of her made men's lips go dry and their breath come fast. Fara walked closer to where they stood around the raised platform, then moved her body in a slow, provocative dance, swaying in time to music only she could hear.

She looked down at the faces of the men in front of her, examining them as they devoured her with their eyes. Finally she smiled at a tall young Taureg and walked back to stand beside the slave trader. The bidding was fast and furious for a few moments more, then Fara was purchased by the tall Taureg and led away to start the journey to her new home.

Fara had learned a lot during the months on the slave caravan—some from the other girls, more from the slave trader. Tonight she would put every trick she had learned into practice. This was what she had been born for—if she had not been stolen, her family would almost certainly have sold her into slavery—and she felt no shame or anger at her fate. Only pleasure at her good fortune in the choice of an owner, and anticipation of her chances during the next two weeks to become his favorite.

At the encampment outside the slave gate, Fara was given a tent and a servant and told to make ready to serve her master. She bathed and dressed with extraordinary care. She dusted her entire body lightly with powder, then skillfully scented herself with perfume. A light dab of one perfume behind each ear, a delicate touch of another perfume in the valley between her breasts, a third perfume on her belly and her thighs. Finally she wrapped herself loosely in seven veils of transparent silk sparkling with tiny chips of glass.

Tonight was the night on which her future for years to come would depend. Fara knew she was not the only concubine of her master. He had not spoken to her yet, but she knew from his manner and his wealth that as soon as she was taken to her new home, she would be just another concubine, confined in a harem with 50 or 100 other girls awaiting the master's pleasure. And probably getting mighty little of it. Other girls, who had been there longer, would be his favorites, and they would rule



These harem slaves find a few moments of happiness in an impromptu dance. Girl in rear, left, seems still scared.

the harem under the watchful eyes of the eunuchs, the pitiful, bloated creatures who were men in name only, having been deprived of their manhood.

But Fara had two weeks of opportunity to win her new master during the trip to her new home, and she meant to make the most of it. If she succeeded, the glass chips in her silk veils would become diamonds between her firm young breasts.

Fara ate no dinner that night. She served her master's food, then danced as he was eating. It was a tantalizing dance—not really a dance at all but more of a fluid writhing and twisting of her graceful body—very slowly at first with Fara standing almost motionless in one spot, then gradually becoming faster and faster as she whirled and allowed her veils to float to the floor one by one.

The tall Taureg pretend he was not watching her in the beginning, but in a few minutes she saw him run his tongue across his lips. She increased the pace of her dance then, and soon discarded her last veil, allowing it to float over his head and intoxicate him with the perfume of her magnificent body, poised and waiting in front of him . . .

The next two weeks passed quickly. By the time Fara got the first glimpse of her new home, she was sure she was the undisputed favorite. How could it be otherwise! No man could demand so much of her—and so much of himself—so many times unless he was filled with desire for her.

Fara was right. For almost two months she reigned as queen of the Arab harem, slaves and other concubines running to do her bidding, her heart on fire with the glory of absolute power after years of being treated with less care than a camel. Everything was exactly as she wanted it.

Gone were the cheap silk veils with glass spangles. Now she wore a girdle of diamonds, with a huge, fiery ruby between her golden breasts thrusting through the film of expensive silk that clung to her like a second skin.

(Continued on page 45)



Transparent clothes fail to hide slave's charms

CONFESSIONS

OF A GIGOLO . . .



"How would you like to have a drink up in my room?" she invited. Brother, these women are all alike!

By "FREDDIE," as told to C. V. Tench

YOU HEAR PLENTY about "call girls" and "motor mamas"—the girls who sell themselves in their customer's own car—but not much about "call boys." Just the same, there are plenty of them in the game and I'm one of them. The fancy name for us is "gigolo."

Here's how I got started.

At 23 I found myself with a college degree, worthless from the standpoint of earning a living, a fairly good wardrobe, and barely \$100 left of the \$5000 my father had given to me to start life with.

"If you've any brains and guts at all," he told me brusquely when he handed me the check, "you'll run that up into real money and establish yourself firmly. If you waste it, then that's your funeral; you'll get no more help from me."

His tone had been tinged with contempt and I understood why. I had only played around at college instead of taking some worthwhile courses. In short, I had proved a disappointment to him.

I didn't take his advice. That was why I found myself now in Miami, just about flat.

A leopard cannot change its spots, and I hadn't changed my ways. With the \$5000 I had been really putting on the dog. Best hotels, best bars, best night spots, best of everything.

Consequently, although I hadn't made any particular friends, I had made a fairly wide acquaintance among wealthy people, and had acquired polish and wordliness.

Actually, as I was to learn later, it was a good investment.

In Miami, during the season, are swarms of older, unattached women with money; divorcees, widows and spinsters. Most of them are love-starved and man-hungry.

Paid gigolos do well with such women.

I seriously considered the gigolo business myself, because not only had I a good education, family background and a good wardrobe, but I also had looks.

That's not conceit. None of us have any say in the matter of how we are built or the kind of face we have to wear through life. Before my

mother died she had often said to me: "Freddie, when they handed out good looks you were right in the front row."

So, I had God-given looks, but no money. Plenty of the older women I had danced with had simpered and made awkward advances.

Fine! Could I now cash in on my only tangible assets, my looks, clothes and general upbringing?

The question was answered for me that night by Elsa, when I was dancing with her. Amply supplied with money, she spent plenty in beauty salons, so although well into her forties she had retained her looks. A really attractive older woman.

As we danced, she asked me why I was so silent and glum. I told her straight that I was now so flat I would have to find a job of some kind, and reconcile myself to a lower standard of living.

After giving me a shocked glance she remained silent. Later, when we were having a drink, she said:

"Freddie, with your looks and personality it would be a shame to work at some dull, poorly-paid job. I can suggest a better way out for you."

"What?" I asked.

"You're very young yet," she answered, looking me full in the eyes, "so perhaps I'd better teach you."

She then asked me to escort her home to her swank suite.

When I finally left I found \$100 in my pocket. Furthermore, as Elsa was not out to get another husband, did not want to monopolize me and was big enough not to be foolishly jealous, Elsa told me that she would let other women know about me.

Sitting alone in my hotel room later I swallowed a few drinks and thought it over carefully. I had always been accustomed to a high standard of living. A job? Perhaps marriage? I couldn't see it. I simply wasn't the type to ever become a small-wage family man.

Then and there I decided to explore to the full this new way of making a good living.

Elsa was as good as her word regarding letting other women know.

(Continued on page 45)



MY CLIENT

Mr. Coward

THE LION CHARGED, AND THE MAN WITH THE GUN SCREAMED, PUKED, TURNED TAIL. THEN THE LION CAME FOR ME . . .

A WHITE HUNTER has to tolerate all kinds of odd characters on safari. You get everything from regular guys to screwballs . . . from psychos to alcoholics. Since arriving home with your skin in one piece often depends on your client's mental condition and courage, you must choose them carefully. To do this you have to be a psychologist, a fortune teller and a hunter . . . all in one.

I'm only a hunter. Perhaps that's why I sometimes make a mistake and wind up with an odd-ball who gets both of us into real trouble.

I had enjoyed a streak of ideal clients for a while and I was riding my luck as far as it would stretch. Then along came a Texas real estate broker named Charlie Wheeler. He turned my next safari into a nightmare.

Wheeler had courage all right, but he got it out of a bottle labeled "100-proof gin." I'd hunted with every kind of drinker, from after-

By RICHARD L. SCOTT

dinner wine sippers to absinthe addicts, but Wheeler was the worst. He was a weakling who used gin as a crutch to help him over the rough spots in life.

One day he used gin to give him enough courage to shoot a lion. The lion and the gin formed an explosive mixture that nearly rocked both of us off the face of the earth.

Wheeler, a huge man with a flushed face, had been on the wagon for a week or so when I met his plane at the Nairobi airport, and I didn't know he was a lush. I became suspicious when he stowed six cases of gin aboard the truck for a 60-day safari, but by then it was too late to back out. So I decided to make the best of a touchy situation and pointed the safari toward the Kagera River country in the northwestern neck of Tanganyika, where there is a concentration of major game.

As we hunted game by day and sat by the campfire at night, I observed many things about Mr. Wheeler. Although he was older than I, he had never grown up. He used gin as a substitute for maturity. He had been on gin so long he couldn't tackle a simple problem without a drink to camouflage reality.

Our opening-day hunt was for Thomson gazelle. Early that morning we started across a broad savanna adjoining camp. Two hours later the tracker, K'Linni, found fresh sign. The dime-sized tracks led to a lush meadow, lying in the ox-bow of a spring-fed creek. We neared a copse of acacia trees and spotted the Tommie near the creek bank, chomping off mouthfuls of tender moss, then raising his head to chew and look for enemies.

As we moved behind a brush to find a shooting position I got a whiff of Wheeler's breath and sud-

denly realized he was drunk. He wasn't staggering or glassy-eyed . . . just plain drunk. I hadn't seen him taking a drink and didn't even know he'd brought along a bottle.

My client raised his .222 Swift and took aim. I figured he'd butcher the little animal. His rifle cracked and the Tommie pitched into the creek, drilled neatly through the heart. I complimented him on making a clean kill. Moments later, I feared I'd made a mistake, for compliments might encourage him to depend more strongly on alcohol than before.

I thought Wheeler's getting drunk on the gazelle hunt was merely the result of opening-day nerves. But the next day we went after sable and it happened again. He always appeared cold sober as we started out, but when it came time to make the kill he was drunk.

As he had done with the Tommie, he made a perfect kill and I had no complaints on that. However, there was something about a man drinking on the hunt that didn't set well with me. Alcohol gives a man false courage and causes him to take foolhardy chances. Then when the going gets rough it lets him down, and he has to face danger without the steady nerves and coordination he needs to stay alive.

That night I mixed a shaker of Martinis and offered Wheeler one. He drained the glass and poured himself another. I sometimes like to relax with a mild drink after a hard day's hunt. Wheeler drank for a different reason . . . to compensate for his lack of courage, or perhaps his lack of confidence. I steered the conversation to the subject of drinking, then told him what I had on my mind.

"I think we should do all our drinking after hunting hours from here on," I suggested, "otherwise, it'll eventually get us into trouble."

Wheeler stayed sober the next day while we collected a bush-buck. He performed even better than he had done with the aid of gin. I thought he'd licked the drinking problem, but a few days later he was back on the booze again. He had reached a point where he hadn't the confidence to go into the field without a bellyful of gin.

I let it ride. If he wanted to rot his nerves with gin that was his business. I was prepared to take



"The big cat growled, leaped; man and beast fought grimly-to death."

extra precautions while hunting with him, drunk or sober. I couldn't afford to let him get hurt while he was under my care.

For the next three weeks we hunted plains game among the grassy valleys of the Kagera River basin. Wheeler was a good marksman on small stuff and did rather well . . . staying soused with gin all the way. He bagged nice trophy specimens of sable, duikerbok, springbok, Lichtenstein hartebeest, roan, gemsbok, and a lesser kudu.

His ambition was to take home the biggest pair of elephant tusks in Africa, and a lion head with a flowing black mane. He drank gin and talked elephant hunting by

the hour. The longer he drank, the braver he became. I couldn't tell whether he actually had the guts to tackle dangerous game or if his liquor was doing the talking for him. He never mentioned it when he was sober.

About half of our safari time was gone, and I figured we should get busy hunting the bigger stuff. One night when Wheeler sat drinking before the campfire, mentally shooting his elephant, I called his hand.

"I think we should move up near Lake Victoria and give you a chance to shoot your elephant for real," I suggested.

He suddenly appeared sober.



The smell of death in Africa is never far from veldt waterholes like this one. Where zebras gather, the hungry lion stalks—and eats.

"I—I'll need a day or two to think it over," he stammered.

A week went by and he still hadn't given me an answer. I didn't push him. If he'd rather spend his \$100 a day drinking gin and chasing antelope that was up to him. He had paid for a full ticket and was entitled to his money's worth, but I wasn't itching to go after aggressive game with a lush.

Just after sunrise one morning Wheeler, K'Linni, two gun boys and myself were checking salt licks among the outcrops on a hillside, hoping to pick up fresh sign of a greater kudu bull. We reached a crest of the hill and looked over. About a mile below was a swarming herd of zebra, grazing through the grassy cut between a string of thorn hills. It was a picture most lion hunters dream about. With that many zebra in sight there

could be two or more prides of lions following and feeding on them. A lion hunter first looks for good grass, then for a migrating herd of zebra. When he finds zebra he usually finds his lion somewhere close.

I studied Wheeler a moment. He was sober but hung over from yesterday's gin.

"How about it, Mr. Wheeler?" I questioned. "Are you ready for a lion yet?"

"I don't know," he hedged. "I kinda had my heart set on finding a kudu bull."

"We just lucked onto this zebra herd," I reminded him. "You wouldn't find this good a setup again if you looked for a week. A zebra herd of this size usually means there's cats following, but not always. Why don't I let the tracker scout around and see what

the situation is? Then if he comes up with something we'll proceed from there."

I told K'Linni to skirt the perimeter of the spoor and trace the herd back to where he figured they would have been located the night before, checking waterholes as he went along. Wheeler and I found a shade tree and sat down to wait him out. We were having our noon sandwiches and tea when he returned five hours later.

K'Linni had scouted several miles down the cut to the escarpment facing on the Kagera River, where the herd had watered the night before. A lioness had jumped the herd as they fed away from the river and made a kill on a fat colt. Drag marks showed that the lioness' mate had pulled the colt into a mangrove thicket where

both had feasted. Following the cats' spoor from the kill site, the tracker found they were denned somewhere in a mile-long *kloof* that snaked its way down the escarpment to the river. No tracks led out of the *kloof*.

"The cats may still be sleeping off their feed by the time we get there and maybe not, Mr. Wheeler," I pointed out. "Do you want to take a look?"

"Look, hell!" he boasted. "It cost me 28 bucks for a license to kill one, so that's just what I'm gonna do."

I should have guessed where he got his sudden courage, but I didn't.

From the rimrock of the escarpment my tracker pointed out the winding *kloof* where he thought the cats were denning. I led the way toward it. Halfway down, I waited for Wheeler to catch up so I could warn him to lay off the alcohol.

The look in his eyes and the smell of his breath when he got up close told me I was too late. I tried to figure out where he had got it, and I could come up with but one answer. The thermos flask of "tea" he'd brought along contained straight gin. He had swigged on it all through lunch . . . and now he was half loaded. I shook my head disgustedly.

"I don't think we'd better go in after the cats today, Mr. Wheeler," I said sternly. "You can get away with drinking on an antelope hunt, but you must remember that every lion is a killer, under the right circumstances."

Wheeler was braver than Tarzan at that moment. With his brain dulled by alcohol he imagined he could kill the lion with bare hands.

"I can shoot a lion as easily as I can kill an antelope," he bragged, "so let's go bounce him out."

"I can't afford to be responsible for a man who's been drinking . . . not on a lion hunt," I insisted.

"You don't need to!" he shot back angrily. "I can take care of myself!"

Wheeler wasn't too drunk, yet, and he promised he'd lay off the gin until after we'd completed the kill. I hoped the long, hard walk would straighten him up.

We reached the *kloof* and found a safe place to climb down the steep rock wall. The sharp-eyed tracker located the cats' spoor among the rocks and we followed it back toward the uphill side of the escarpment. When I found a clear set of tracks I stopped to read them. The size and spacing of the pug marks indicated the male was a big fellow, young and full of life. But I could only guess whether or not he had a trophy mane and would be shootable.

The tunnel-like *kloof* was a maze of vine shrouded boulders and overhanging brush, forming a

honeycomb of natural lairs for animals. It was a nice place for lions, but dangerous as hell for hunters. K'Linni dogged the spoor and I followed close behind, covering him with my .375 Magnum in case the lions boiled out of blind cover unexpectedly. Wheeler walked a couple of paces on my right to help with the cover work, the two gun boys, Kita and Juma, trailing us.

The fact Wheeler was drinking killed my enthusiasm for the hunt. After a safari crew works and sweats to locate game it seems a client could at least be conscientious about hunting it. If he isn't, I'd prefer to save the game for some sportsman who appreciates it. Insincerity in a client spoils the hunt for me.

I remembered some of the things Pappy Van Lannen had taught me about hunting, and I decided that taking a lush on a lion hunt was not only against my professional judgement, but was plain, stupid suicide. If Pappy knew what I was doing he would crawl out of his grave and shout, "ye crazy fool!"

Things were already bad, but they were about to get worse. Wheeler halted and asked me to excuse him a moment. He went behind a tall boulder, to relieve himself, I figured. K'Linni worked the lion spoor on ahead while I waited for Wheeler. Kita and Juma began looking at Wheeler and grinning at each other. I went around the boulder to see what the big joke was.

My client was standing there guzzling gin from his thermos flask. Searing hot fury boiled inside me. I slapped the thermos away from his mouth and it clattered and broke on the rocks.

"We're turning back, Wheeler!" I fumed. "I'm not going to risk my neck taking an ungrateful sot into a canyon after a lion. If you . . ."

Suddenly, K'Linni appeared on a boulder at my left, frantically waving for me to shut up. I let my voice trail off and ran to see what he'd found. The black tracker pointed to a spot 50 yards beyond where the *kloof* formed a sharp elbow.

"Tracks end there, Bass," he whispered.

At the lower point of the elbow there had been a rockslide, leaving huge boulders in a slanting pile against the perpendicular canyon wall. Caves and crevices had been created by the slide and the rockpile was overgrown with creepers and brush, an ideal lair for cats.

I moved closer to size up the situation.

Wheeler followed, claiming he was still sober and begging for a chance to shoot the lion. He looked okay from the outside, but I couldn't tell what was happening inside his head. The *kloof* was clear

of tall brush at the point we'd be shooting from and the physical situation looked good enough.

"Okay," I agreed, "but don't let the cat get close to you."

K'Linni tested the wind with his puff ball and nodded to indicate it was safe to move in on the caves. I examined the loads in my .375 Magnum, then checked Wheeler's.

The tunnel widened out where it ran up against the rockpile and reversed itself at a 60-degree angle, forming a "V." I stationed Wheeler in one leg of the "V," about 30 yards from the rockpile, and I took the other. With the cats denned at the bottom point of the cutback we had them blocked in. I took a shooting position to Wheeler's left so I could second him if anything went wrong.

Seeing we were ready, the safari boys began chunking rocks into the caves and crevices to flush the lions out. I kept glancing at the rockpile and back to Wheeler to see if he was all right. While we stood there waiting, Wheeler's last drink of gin hit him right between the ears.

In mustering his courage for a lion hunt he'd taken on more than even he could handle. I hadn't known how much he had drunk and I'd thought I could get him through the kill, but right then I saw it was hopeless.

The boys were still chunking rocks, hitting every hole in sight.

"Hold up with the rocks," I said. "We're not shooting any lion today."

Just then Kita threw his last rock and the shaggy body of the lion exploded from the hole Kita was aiming for. The rock glanced and hit the beast on the rump. The startled cat leaped high into the air. His vicious, deep-throated growl sounded like it was echoing from a well. I kept my rifle ready, watching the lion come down the rockpile and approach.

The big cat saw we had him cornered and stood at bay, pawing, snarling menacingly, searching for a way out. He began inching belly-to-ground toward Wheeler, who stood right in his path to freedom. My client's eyes bugged out and his face whitened. The upraised gun in his hands quivered uncertainly. He sighted on the cat but couldn't squeeze the trigger. Instead of bringing him courage his liquor had brought him cold panic. His nerves seemed to fall apart as I watched.

"Shoot him or get out of his way!" I ordered.

I moved toward his position, turning my back on the rockpile.

Wheeler's face was a mask of stark horror and he trembled from head to foot with indecision. Suddenly, a fountain of foul liquid

(Continued on page 58)

THE

6

SCANTY COSTUMES
OF

DIANE



How will you have your
beauty? In shirt or
blouse, gown or
negligee? Diane models
all of them so you can
make your choice

When a girl is as much of a photographer's delight as lovely Diane Webber is, the big problem becomes one of getting variety into the accessories to her beauty. Famed cameraman Russ Meyer solved the problem his own way by outfitting Diane with six scanty costumes, taking pictures of her in each of them, and putting the burden (!) of choice on you.

Here's some background information: Diane, born in Los Angeles, Cal., is an accomplished ballet dancer, the busiest of models, and—sorry, folks—~~a~~ devoted wife and mother. She is wed to film technician John Webber, has one son, John, Jr.



At far left, Diane wears diaphanous gown. Left, she's in a peekaboo scarf. Above, she wears a vestee.



Diane's vital statistics: She's 23 years old, weighs 110, is 5' 4", has light brown hair and eyes. She has a 38 bust, 24 waist and 35 hips.



ONLY A FEW GOOD SCOUTS

THEY USED TO ROAM THE OIL-FIELDS, FULL OF BEANS, VINEGAR AND THE DIRTIEST TRICKS EVER PULLED. THEY WERE MEN!

By HARRY BOTSFORD

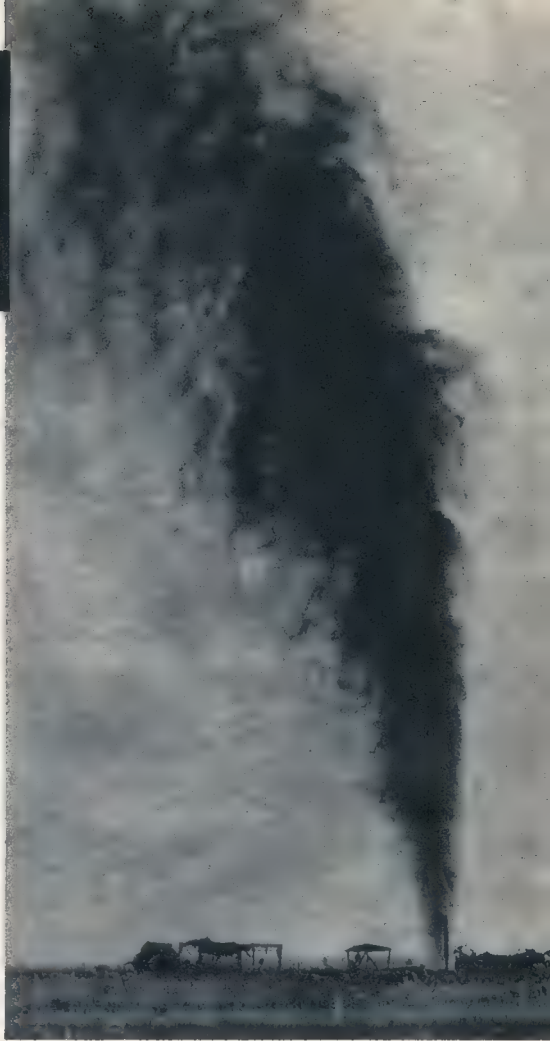
AT TEMPERANCE HOUSE, a teamster going out for the dawn feeding of his horses caught a glimpse of a horse thundering down the snowy road, rider bent over the horse's neck. One foot, minus a boot, hung stiffly, and the man's face was grim in the half light. At Bean Farm, a farm wife turned from the kitchen range, looked out the frost-rimed window, saw the same man as he flashed past, saw him lift a bottle and drink deeply, riding easily and with unstudied grace.

The teamster thought the rider was crazy; the woman believed him to be drunk. Both were wrong. He was Charley Vincent, riding with a frozen bootless foot. He was sane; and he was relatively sober. Moreover, he was mad as hell. He had been one of two oil scouts keeping watch on a wildcat well being drilled at Lovell's Corners, each ready to report to their separate bosses if the well came in a gusher.

The well had come in a gusher. When Colonel Bodine heard of it, his lease hounds would ride out and lease every available acre of land adjacent to the gusher.

It had happened fast; Vincent had awakened from the drowsy comfort of a fire he had built at the edge on the woods near the well. He had watched for a minute, saw what was happening. Water was being thrown on the forge fire, the derrick heater, and in the boiler firebox. The casing head was spouting oil and it spread black across the snow.

He had leaped to his feet, threw off the blanket that had been wrapped around him. He reached for his boots, found only one, cursed bleakly when



Gusher blows sky-high as a Texas well comes in.

he saw the tracks of Elijah Shelmadine, saw that Shelmadine and his horse had faded in the darkness. Shelmadine had stolen one boot. Vincent didn't hesitate. He whipped the blanket from his horse, started toward Pleasantville at breakneck speed. He tried to run Shelmadine down a half-mile from the derrick; Shelmadine's horse was lamed, could scarcely walk. Vincent thumbed his nose at his rival and rode off in the darkness.

Within a mile, his bootless foot was numbed; it would be frozen by the time he reached Pleasantville, he realized. He pushed the horse mercilessly,



Tricky job of setting casing for oil well is handled by drillers.

curled Shelmadine. He passed farmhouses, smoke curled from their chimneys. Warmth! He was not tempted to stop and warm the numb foot.

A gutty guy, this Charley Vincent! He got the news home in time, his toes were frost-bitten and were removed by an alcoholic surgeon. He was given a handsome annuity by the Colonel, who had profited mightily on the deal. When he was able to walk, he found Elijah Shelmadine, pumped a couple of bullets into him, tossed the derringer away. Shelmadine lived, Vincent was brought to trial, properly charged. After hearing the evidence, the jury brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty," a popular verdict.

Oil scouts were spies who watched certain wildcats. If one came in a gusher, they reported it speedily to their bosses. Communication largely was primitive, and the man who rode fastest or secured basic information ahead of his competitors commanded the highest fee in this curious field of endeavor.

Elof Anderson was one of the top oil scouts of his day. He was of a scientific turn of mind, an unusual attribute in a fledgling industry which operated without rules and on little knowledge. He also bought more fishing line than anyone else. And he could tell with amazing accuracy when the drill of a wildcat well would strike the pay sand.

He knew the precise depth of the various oil sands,

something that other scouts didn't know and regarded as useless knowledge. He was a yellow-haired, guileless appearing youth, but his fellow scouts noted that when the critical time came for the drill to tap the pay sand, he was always in the saddle, ready to go.

Elof boasted, when he retired comfortably wealthy, that he was one scout who didn't carry a load of bird-shot in his person. A crafty man, it was his practice to crawl up on a wildcat rig under cover of darkness, exercising great care not to be seen. The last few yards of crawling was fast, while the drilling crew were engaged in other activities. He quickly tied one end of the fishing line to the sand line. When the bailer was lowered to the bottom of the hole he cut the end of the line, crawled crab-wise until out of sight of the flickering light of the derrick lamps and ran like hell to a secluded spot. He measured the line left on the spool, subtracted the amount from what the spool had first contained, and had the exact depth to which the drill had penetrated. He knew the depth of the oil sand, the length of each screw as it was fanned out on the temper-screw. In other words, Elof knew when the drill would tap the sand.

Larry Grogan, possessed of an impish sense of Irish humor, had a trick of his own. It worked only once, but it brought him rich rewards which enabled him to retire. But even in a small town he walked on the light side of the streets.

About the time a well was due to be drilled, Larry would openly brew a pot of hot rum. As he sipped it, the other scouts would groan audibly. He would mix a second pot, pour out a cup and swallow it with gusto. His back to the group, he would empty a near-lethal bottle of laudanum into it. "Come on, fellers," he would say. "Have a nip on me; the two I've had were real tasty." The invitation would be accepted. In a half hour the others would be sound asleep. Whether the well was a gusher or not, Larry Grogan was the only scout who knew. He would report, collect his fee and depart with the speed of light.

Another trick that was used at Red Hot, Cash-Up and Pithole City has been credited to an unknown genius, a youngster who always smoked cigars and who owned a nervous saddle horse. Usually, he made a fast get-away. Once in the saddle he pulled something out of his saddle bags, touched it with the glowing end of his cigar, tossed it among the other horses. It was a bunch of fire-crackers, and their explosions set the horses crazy. If a few riders kept their saddles and started to follow him, he had something to discourage them—more firecrackers. And if there was one

riders who was persistent, he had a few giant crackers to light and throw in the road.

One idea was the exclusive property of a scout who had been a former employee of the telegraph company. The telegraph was a new device, and the oil industry found it useful. Branch offices were located in dozens of strategic places, and the oil scouts took advantage of this to relay their reports with great speed. This scout operated in a simple manner. He rode a slow horse, and his competitors passed him with yells of derision. But his reports reached town before theirs. He carried a wire-tap outfit with him. When the rival scouts rode out of sight he headed for the nearest telegraph line, made his tap, wired employers in Oil City, Warren, Titusville or elsewhere. Then he would cut the wires and blithely ride to the nearest telegraph station where the other scouts were yelling at an operator who tried to explain to them that the wires were dead.

The world's oldest oil field is filled with tales of the weird and almost incredible days of a growing industry. They tell you about a headless rider, for example. He was a tall man, rode a fast horse, and specialized in the fast getaway once the nature of the wildcat well was determined. One of the other scouts stretched a taught fine copper wire between two trees that flanked the road. As usual, the tall man rode away ahead of the pack at a furious pace, erect in the saddle. The wire caught him across the neck, neatly decapitating him. The head rolled in the ditch, and reflexes held him in the saddle, the severed neck gushing blood.

A few times the tables were turned. An oil producer named Carnahan, mulcted several times by oil scouts and their bosses who had profited more than he had, decided on a spot of financial revenge.

It worked like this: He leased some territory at Enterprise; there was an old barn close to the wildcat well which he started to drill. He sent a man named Simpson out to lease all of the territory adjacent to the well. The land was leased in the name of Simpson. At night he had a 100-barrel wooden tank erected in the barn, filled it with crude oil, hooked the tank up with a buried pipeline directly to the casing head of the wildcat well. The pipeline ditch was carefully covered. Word got out that if this well came in a gusher it would open up a wide expanse of profitable oil territory.

The well was watched 24 hours a day. When the drill penetrated the pay sand the well proved to be a duster. But Carnahan simply grinned, alerted the driller and tool dresser, turned a throttle to the

hidden tank, and oil started to flow from the casing head in volume. Fires were doused and the men finally managed to cap the well. In the interim, the scouts had ridden hell-for-leather to the telegraph office at Pleasantville to wire in optimistic reports.

In a matter of hours the area was crowded with eager lease-hounds. Carnahan joined them, swore mightily that he had been done in the eye again by the damned scouts. Every farm for miles was under lease to a mysterious man named Simpson. Hungry oil producers besieged him, pled for a hunk of the land he had leased before the wildcat well had been started. He smiled, named prices that were high. But the oil producers bid against each other and the harvest was golden and rich. Naturally, with one exception, the resultant wells were dusters, and Carnahan and Simpson grinned cheerfully.

The last piece of property to be sold was the farm on which the wildcat well had been drilled, and the price was a heavy one. The fraud was discovered when the hidden tank was found and those who had invested were indignant. Carnahan coolly reminded them that there was no fraud; that he had never said the well was a gusher, that they had acted entirely on their initiative. It is said he cleaned up \$200,000 on the scheme.

Up in Bradford they tell a story of a man named Hitchcross, an oil scout who had fallen flat on a project on which close to a half-million dollars was riding. He was in disgrace because he lied.

One day he received a check for \$5,000 and a cryptic note which read "A 25-cent screwdriver is a great invention." Thus he was vindicated of all charges. This is how it happened:

Martin Zuver's right-hand scout was a young man who had performed miracles for Zuver around Cash Up. He was ingenious, his face was guileless, his manners were good. Above all, he was not known in Bradford, and a minor degree of anonymity had its virtues at that time.

The scout rode into Bradford one day registered as David Hunter. Zuver tersely outlined the plot. A test well was being drilled in the Music Mountain area. It could open up a great oil field, providing the well was a good producer.

"That well is being drilled by the Diamond Oil Company," Zuver explained. "They have a scout of their own on the job, chap named Hitchcross. He's honest and reliable. When the pay sand is drilled he is to report to his boss, a man named Bill Burns right here in this hotel. He will ride in leisurely, do nothing to attract attention or to

create curiosity. The well is carefully guarded. Every scout that has been sent out has returned with some bird shot in him. They are taking no chances. If the well is really big they will lease up all the land for miles."

Hunter chuckled. "Sounds like a tough nut to crack," he admitted. "What do you want me to do?"

"Outsmart 'em!" Martin Zuver said bluntly. "If I can get a couple of hours notice, we can do it. You've never let me down yet! I'll have my lease hounds waiting. They will have good horses, their pockets will be filled with cash and blank leases. They will be at Corrigan's saloon, ready to go when the word comes."

"Burns has the room next to you. These walls are thin as matchboxes. Listen to everything that is said. When you get the word, act fast, and if you have to break a few laws, do it. Stroll over to Corrigan's saloon about noon. I want my boys to see you. I want them to know you're boss while I'm away. Just ask Corrigan for a glass of Irish whiskey, and he'll tip the lads off. No need to meet 'em personally."

"And what is there in this for me?" Hunter inquired.

Zuver tossed a roll of bills on the table. He signed a paper, handed it silently to Hunter. "The leases are all made out in your name," he said. "Here is my agreement with you—you get a straight 10 percent of what we make on the deal. If we win you'll be independent for the rest of your life. Fair enough?"

They shook hands.

Hunter visited a small drug store, told the clerk that his name was Doctor Hammer, just about to locate in Bradford, and that he needed a stethoscope badly. He left with the instrument, dropped in at Corrigan's for a drink, returned to his hotel room, and spent hours with the stethoscope pressed against the wall that separated his room from that of Burns.

He smoked an endless number of cigars and listened attentively. He heard Burns say that Hitchcross was a stranger to him, but that he had been told to come to Room 65 when the news broke. Hunter went down to the nearest hardware store and bought a 25-cent screwdriver, returned to his room, and was soon fast asleep.

The next night he listened until he heard Burns snoring. He removed his boots, picked up the screwdriver, tip-toed into the hall, and in a matter of minutes the door numerals were transferred. His room was now No. 65, the room occupied by Burns was No. 67.

It was past midnight when he heard steps in the hall. There was an easy knock on his door. The man was mud-splashed, evidently under

(Continued on page 46)

WHEN THE GRAVE WAS OPENED



Bhula was buried alive, full of plans to outwit death. But something crept into his crypt, crawling . . . hungry

By DON MacCLURE

MANY YEARS AGO Bhula's great-grandfather had made a reputation which still survives in the Hindu village of Bandra. He had been buried alive before some great *sahibs*. Rice had been planted above his grave and had blossomed into ear and yellowed to harvest. Not until the rice was ready for cutting had the grave been opened.

The opening took place before the great *sahibs*, and Bhula's great-grandfather was found alive. It was a great triumph for the tribe, and brought much wealth. People from all parts came to see the wonder and to bring offerings to one who was so favored of the gods.

Time passed and Bhula's great-grandfather became an old man. The trick was now beyond his powers and he began to think of passing it on to others. But none of the members of the other families in

the tribe was found to be so gifted. They brought him strong young men, handsome boys and fine babies. He prepared them and made the necessary passes, but without result. Year after year went by and no one was found able to perform the miraculous feat.

One day, when the old man's son and grandson were away on one of their tours, performing their tricks and gathering rupees from town to town, a girl of 16 came running into his room. She was the wife of his grandson.

"My son is dead!" she screamed. "Stiff and cold I found him in his bed."

The old man hobbled off to the women's side of the house. The women had already begun their weeping and mourning. He thrust them aside and bent over the small boy. As he examined him a smile

creased the old man's face. He stood up and clasped his hands as he whispered: "The gift! This boy has it!"

He passed his hands over the boy's body and it lost its rigidity. Under his touch the child heaved a deep sigh, drew in his breath and opened his eyes. The women stood looking on in awe and wonder, and one old crone ran out to spread the news through the village. The old man ordered some food to be brought, and when the child had been fed he sent away the women. Five minutes later he was leaning over a form that was rigid, and once more, to all appearances, dead.

Yes, it was true. The strange power had been restored to the family and his old eyes had lived to see it. He sat by the unconscious boy and watched him for an hour. Then he recalled him to life. The boy sat up and rubbed his eyes.

The old man smiled, and when his son and grandson came back they were told the great news. The old man showed them many strange things. He gave them careful directions as to how the ears and nostrils were to be stopped with clay, how the body was to be clothed, how the restorative passes were to be made. He told them about the tomb for incarceration and the care that must be taken in its preparation. Failure in this respect might cost the performer his life.

Then the old man went to his bed and died. He had passed his knowledge to another, and the honor of his family was preserved.

The young Bhula grew up to strong and lusty manhood, and there came a day when tom-toms drummed and pan-pipes wailed in the village to celebrate his marriage to Nellama.

"Lucky Nellama," said a friend. "Bhula has plenty of fine jewels to hang around your neck, and his house is full of brass and copper pots."

"And he has a sworn enemy in Runga," said another girl. "Note Runga's scowling face! It is bloated with jealousy and disappointment."

Into Nellama's eyes came the hint of fear. Runga too had wanted to marry her. She had had nothing to do with it, for Hindu girls are not consulted when it comes to choosing a husband for them. It was Bhula that Runga hated, and Nellama was afraid.

Later in the day, as the wedding procession wound its way slowly through the village, it was met by an official in gorgeous dress, scarlet coat and turban of white and gold. He was only a servant, but the glory of his master's office was reflected in the magnificent trappings of the man. He was the *chuprassee*—representative—of the Government Commissioner who ruled the province. A great white *sahib* from America was staying at the illustrious man's house, and it had come to the American's ears that Bhula could perform that most wonderful feat of being buried alive. He would honor the poor village with his presence if Bhula would consent to perform for him. Bhula said he would be glad to carry out the Commissioner's request, after receiving a hint about how much he would get by doing so.

Four days later, the *chuprassee* appeared again in the village. He looked more important than ever, and his progress was almost royal as he made his way through the crowd of admiring villagers to Bhula's house. "The great man will be here at four o'clock," he said.

(Continued on page 47)



I WAS TRAPPED IN TERROR TRENCH

By HOWARD J. BALFOUR

THE BOTTOM OF THE TRENCH I
LAY IN WAS INCHES THICK WITH
A SQUIRMING, REPULSIVE MASS.
I SCREAMED IN PURE HORROR . . .

I NOW KNOW only too well that I shouldn't have shot the last four elephants, for I had already obtained my quota of ivory. But having been an ivory hunter for years, when I unexpectedly came upon a herd I saw only more ivory and instinctively started shooting. Because of that I lost half my legs.

I had been hunting in the vast Sebungwe territory. I had gone into the country with a dozen Sena boys and two large wagons each hauled by 16 oxen. Soon my wagons had groaned with a weight of ivory worth several thousand pounds and I had begun the return journey. Then had come the tsetse fly. My oxen died.

I was now in familiar territory and knew that some 60 miles south was the small settlement of Napusa. Making camp near water and leaving my boys and wagons there, together with one boy, Makoma, I set out afoot to obtain more oxen, which I would first have inoculated against tsetse bites.

The morning of the third day we came to an area of rolling land, well treed and with game everywhere. At noon we sat down to kudu steaks and boiled rice. We had covered at least 40 miles and should have reached Napusa the next day.

By mid-afternoon we had come to a more hilly country cut up with ravines. It was then we sighted elephants. Quickly I exchanged my light repeating rifle for my double-barrelled Jefferson .288 elephant gun which Makoma was carrying. I dropped three bulls and wounded a fourth before the herd thundered away. But the wounded bull did not follow them; instead, he ran behind a hill.

I told Makoma to hide while I tracked down the bull to finish him. But (Continued on page 60)



THE AMAZING REASONS MEN LIKE "PAGAN" PIN-UPS

*If you have a yen for a wild-looking gal, if you think civilization's veneer rests mighty thin on you—relax, guy—**you're normal!***

By **ROBERT MINES**

Chief Psychologist, State Hospital, Raleigh, N. C.

THE WOMAN in the picture wore a torn skirt and blouse—into which was casually tucked a gorgeous body, a surly frown, and a murderous looking knife.

Across the country hundreds of thousands of men saved this picture—more, perhaps, than would have done so had the girl been minus the knife and frown.

Scientists who keep tab on shifting trends in the psychology of the American male are so aware of this that they have a name for such pictures.

They call them "pagan" pin-ups.

"The popularity of these pictures is of especially striking significance," says Dr. Rupert Clay, a former University of California sociologist, "because they usually involve women who are mean-eyed, savage, more likely to bounce a rock off a man's head than to favor him with a smile. In short, they are the very opposite of the sweet, docile type of women whom American men have traditionally been taught to revere."



A knife, a frenzied face

"Our studies indicate that these pictures are actually *gaining* in popularity among American men," another professor of sociology told me. "What this appears to suggest is that as men of this nation become more civilized, their interest grows in women *who are almost overwhelmingly uncivilized.*"

Here are illustrations of what those experts are talking about—some of the most popular photos of the year:

1) a picture of a black-haired, green-eyed Ava Gardner type, with a body so perfect that she obviously get more exercise in a day than the average modern man gets in a week. At the moment all she's wearing is a set of chains, attached to the kind of tree that probably only grows in the Black Forest. She looks so murderous that one would guess she's been put in chains to give her lord and master a temporary respite from her temper. Whoever lets her out of those chains should be prepared to clear out in a hurry.



A gun, a look of fear



A shot, a face of vengeance

2) a picture of a similar type, with a girl wearing an even meaner expression but no chains. This girl's lord and master has apparently stripped her in the hope that it will make her feel considerably more helpless—but he's neglected to trim her finger nails. They're long and vicious, and she obviously intends to use them on the first man who comes into view.

3) a picture of another dark-haired girl, little more than 16 years old but already well-skilled in collecting men's scalps. Evidently a Princess of an Indian tribe, most of her clothes have been ripped from her, but the blood-dripping knife which she holds in her hand suggests that the man who last tried to tamper with her is now off in some Happy Hunting Ground. The gleam in her eye suggests that she may finish off a few other braves before the sun sets.

4) a picture of a girl who evidently has just been placed on the auction block at a slave sale. The indications are that—despite her physical appeal, which is tremendous—the man who sold her was



Bra, panties, and a hand seeking a knife

acting in the interests of "safety first." The man who buys her may well have his skin scratched from him before even the first night is over.

An outstanding feature of American males' interest in such pin-ups is that usually they don't show them to the fellows with whom they ordinarily share such pictures, and they don't put them up on any wall. Mostly, as a matter of fact, they store the pictures away in highly secretive fashion.

What makes men *ashamed* of enjoying this kind of pin-up?

As a matter of fact, what makes so many men intrigued with the "untamed" type of pin-up beauty in the first place? Why do nearly all men develop an unusual interest in such pin-ups at certain intervals? What are the particular features of these pictures that give them special appeal?

The answers to these questions provide startling information indeed on male psychology, on masculine sex life, and—perhaps most of all—on the beneath-the-surface emotions that can play such a decisive role in trouble between the sexes.

The standard pin-up, of course, doesn't fit this pattern. Usually it shows a woman who is so fluffily feminine that you'd scarcely expect her to be able to find her own way out of the shower. Eyes half-closed, lips moist, she leans back, soft, inviting, and, above all, yielding. She's an idealized picture, in fact, of what the female sex role is supposed to be. "The normal woman derives her keenest pleasure from surrender," says the Rev. Margaret Blair Johnstone, pastor of the Union Congregational Church in Groton, Mass., and a well-known counselor in marriage problems, "while the healthy male gets his



A slip, a switch, and—in darkness—scissor blades

from dominance." There need be no doubt in any man's mind that this type of pin-up woman could readily be dominated.

Usually this type of pin-up is a blonde. If she's a brunette, she's ordinarily very young. In no case will she look as though she's over 30, and she'll show few signs of being grossly "experienced." The most popular type of pin-up is the kind of woman who looks as if she doesn't know much yet—but could be terribly eager to learn.

Deviating somewhat from this rule, of course, are a variety of "specialized" pin-ups, intended to capitalize on some outstanding feature of a woman—unusually long hair, for instance, or a Jayne Mansfield bust—but ordinarily they are intended only to sup-



Bra, girdle, and a steel chair for a weapon

plement the standard pin-up. They are never expected to replace it.

At the opposite extreme from the yielding blonde type is the "pagan" pin-up—at times almost rivaling it in popularity.

Inside every normal man is, the experts know, at least an element of the savage. In fact, Dr. Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, once gave it a name: he called it the "Id." At birth, he said, the savage within us is so decisively in control that our Id unchecked, is responsible for well over 90% of all our behavior.

But as we are subjected to civilizing influences, he added, we develop what is called the Ego—or, in layman's terms, normal restraint, and also the Super-



A bra, a negligee, and a wicked-looking breadknife

ego—which you and I might be apt to describe as our conscience. Just how much the Id will have to do with our adult behavior will depend upon how successfully the Ego and Superego will have taken over. But here is an important point which all experts in human behavior recognize: *the Ego and Superego will never entirely control the Id.*

This means that with some people, when the Id is particularly strong, definite anti-social behavior may be regularly demonstrated.

It means that with others, an almost "split" personality will exist in the subconscious. On the surface, such people will usually be conventional, willing to go along with whatever is considered proper and decent and right. But at the same time, they may have a sneaking interest in gory fights, primitive passions, may be the kind of people who thumb their noses at civilization and end up doing much as they damn please.

These are the kind of men who are apt to have hidden in their desk drawers copies of books bearing such titles as "Savage Lust" or "Jungle Sex."

They're apt to be fascinated by the cheaper movie houses, too—the ones that run the pictures called "The Naked Truth About Tropic Lust" or "Female Nature."

They're likely to enjoy detouring through their town's honky-tonk region, its tenderloin areas, or its skid row.

Although apparently completely urbane individuals, they are, in short, persistently interested in the wilder aspects of life, too. Some of the things they most often enjoy dreaming about, some of the things they are most fervently (Continued on page 59)



DEATH

IS A

DEEP

BLACK

HOLE

By **ROLAND GRIFFIN**

**I hit something, hard,
then spun over and
fell dizzyingly down
the bottomless shaft.
I awoke in the heart
of the mountains---
alone. . . .**

I HUNG AT THE END of the fifty-foot rope and swung there in the absolute darkness of the mine shaft, wondering what would happen if I let go.

Icy water dripped from the rotting timbers above, a chilling rain that heightened the terror of the cold, clammy place. It trickled down the rope, and made it slippery and even more difficult to hang onto.

I kicked at the side of the shaft with my foot, and dislodged a small slide of rubble. I listened intently, and heard the little pebbles bounce from side to side, down, down for what seemed like endless time.

Then came the echo of a tiny splash. It was the bottom, somewhere down there in the awful blackness of the old abandoned mineshaft in the bowels of Squaw Mountain.

There came a sudden, frightened cry from above. It was Gary Proctor, my roommate who had joined me in this crazy expedition.

"Ron!" Gary's voice was high-pitched, odd. "The rope! It's breaking!"

I felt a chill grip me, deeper than the chill of the subterranean air that pressed clammy around me, with the touch of death.

"Don't joke, Gary," I called up the shaft. "This is no fun. There's something wrong down here!"

I knew Gary well. A serious fellow, but with a sense of humor. Maybe he just wanted to engage in banter, to ease the tension. And then, maybe he meant it . . .

"No, Ron!" Gary called, insistently. "A strand snapped! It's not safe!"

The rope was a good inch thick, but it was hemp, not nylon, not recommended for mountain climbing, or for spelunking, cave exploring. It was all we had.

I'd looped the lower end around my body and knotted it to make a sling. The other end was wound around a ladder lying across the shaft's mouth. As a precaution, Gary and three other friends held the loose end.

Gary and I had discovered the old shaft in the Buckeye Mine, and we were anxious to show it off to the others, George Warford, George Wright and Jim Bolin. Exploring hidden places was a hobby, something to take our minds off work on weekends.

We'd made the 45-minute climb up Squaw Peak to the entrance of a lateral tunnel, one of many that honeycomb the face of the mountainside, not far from Provo, Utah.

We'd carried the rope as an afterthought, as we hadn't planned on a descent into abandoned shaft. In fact, we hadn't known it was there before. Already we'd explored hundreds of yards of ancient tunneling, where forgotten miners had burrowed for copper, silver, lead, gold.

It had been necessary to worm our way back into this new tunnel on our bellies. The old shoring timbers had rotted, collapsed. Damp, foul air oozed out of the blackness. It was dangerous to go in, but it offered a thrill, excitement. We abandoned caution and went ahead.

We'd come across historic relics . . . an old miner's pick . . . a coal oil lamp . . . evidence of the once-busy activity of the mining district that hummed when the railroad from Salt Lake City made Provo an ore shipping point back in '73.

Gripping our flashlights, we'd wormed our way back into the heart of the mountain, where the still-

ness of death was punctuated only by the drip of water from subterranean streams.

That alone should have been a warning to get out. Trickling water can loosen great chunks of earth and send it crashing to the floor of the tunnel, to crush the life from a careless intruder.

I swung at the end of the rope and wondered if I should go back up. I'll admit to a sense of foolhardiness. To go back would be "chicken." I swung sideways again and touched the wall of the shaft with my foot once more and listened to the patter of small stones hurtling downward, into the inky blackness below.

I shone my flashlight downward, to examine the top of a slippery, rotting ladder some ten feet below me. It was fastened to the side of the shaft, and it had seemed like a good idea to try and reach it and follow it down.

I'd expected the ladder to lead to a lower level that might contain other hidden treasures, relics of another day. It was a challenge, and now I had to decide quickly whether to continue toward it or go back up.

The rope suddenly jerked, and I shot the flash upward. I saw the faces of the other four men, white against the blackness around them, staring down at me. But I wasn't looking at their faces. I was looking at the rope.

With a feeling of horror, I saw the frayed ends where one of the four strands had parted, as Gary had warned me it had. He hadn't been kidding.

As I looked, I saw another strand part, and felt the taut rope shudder and stretch another inch. And then, just as I started to climb frantically upward, the last strand snapped.

I felt a sudden sickness in the pit of my stomach as that group of faces shot upward, into the awful blackness. I struck something, hard, and spun over, and then I felt my head crush against the side of the deep, black shaft. Unconsciousness blotted out the rest of the dizzy, sickening fall down that seemingly bottomless shaft . . .

I heard an odd buzzing in my head, and a dull hammering of blood pounding through my brain. For a moment, I could not remember where I was, and then I grasped the idea that I was alive, and I clung to that.

There was an oppressive silence in the velvet blackness. There was an awful cold, and pain stabbing through my body at a dozen places.

I moved my hands and legs, and found that they miraculously were not broken. I reached up and touched the back of my head. My probing fingers found a gaping hole, and when I poked a finger inside, it was wet and sticky, but there was only a dull pain.

I ran my fingers over my face. It felt swollen, but there was only a numb ache there too. I touched my lower lip. It was torn loose, and hung down, a flap of loose flesh, torn nearly off.

I groped around beneath me for the flashlight. I found it, underneath my back, smashed ludicrously flat. I touched the rope, and coiled it on top of the rocks and broken timbers of the ladder and sat on it and tried to think clearly.

I did not know how long I had been there, at the bottom of that black shaft, deep within the heart of the mountain, alone. (Continued on page 54)



HOW TO CATCH A SHARK WITH YOUR BARE HANDS



Fish guts dangle overside to get shark near these oceanic "cowboys."



Samoa native holds water rattle to lure shark. Friend has lasso ready.



As shark skims past, Samoan loops the noose over the beast's vicious head.



With fish guts as "leader," shark greedily swims alongside the boat, pokes his ugly snout into the rope that will kill him.

Fisherman tightens noose around shark's "neck" to make sure of kill.

American fisherman are noted for the various ways in which they claim to be able to catch the finny denizens of sea, lake or river. But when the South Sea Islander goes out to get himself a shark for a local feast, he does it the hard way—with a lasso. The waterborne cowboys of Western Samoa showed photographer Don Ornitz how they ply their trade in what are probably the first pictures ever made of a shark being lasso-ed to death. Sharks are valued highly for their meat and their oil. Jewelry and tribal ornaments are fashioned from the shark's teeth. Ride 'em, cowboy! That is, sharkboy!



INSIDE A DESERT HAREM

(Continued from page 17)

Fara spent hours every night preparing for her master, using all her ingenuity to make each night a new experience, varying her dress and her perfume and even her method of greeting her master.

Life was perfect, and as Fara saw more and more oil derricks tapping the black gold of her master's land, she could see herself becoming as wealthy as the legendary Queen of Sheba. A marble palace would rise on the site of this old stone fortress. Water would flow in artificial waterfalls where now there was only a thin trickle, preciously guarded and turned on only after sunset when the heat of the day was gone to prevent evaporation. When the palace was built, water would lie a foot deep on the roof and keep it cool all day, even in the blazing sun.

But Fara had forgotten how easily she had become the favorite of the harem. The oil derricks brought no marble palace, they brought new concubines, each more lovely than the one before, each more skillful in the infinite varieties of love.

Weeks now went by when Fara did not see the tall Taureg, weeks she spent practicing her arts by herself, mentally perfecting her techniques and positive every night that he would ask for Fara. But every night Fara slept alone.

And a woman cannot live forever without love when love is the only reason she is alive, filling her thoughts day and night until she can think of nothing else but the steel bands that are the arms of her master and the flat hardness that is his belly.

The other girls left Fara alone. They, too, had been through the torment she was suffering. They knew what it was to have been the favorite and to be discarded, living only with memories. But for Fara, memories were not enough.

She turned her charms on one of the gardeners, a young slave who should have known better. She met him the first time when he was cleaning the pool. She had thought the garden was deserted—it usually was this late in the afternoon, now that she was no longer the favorite—and she wore only a thin, transparent gown that revealed more than it concealed.

The gardener looked up, startled, then scared. He knew what would happen if he were caught alone with one of the master's harem, even for a moment. Yet he couldn't

tear his eyes away from the beauty of her magnificent figure, standing there like a goddess in a dream, turned so the sun outlined and highlighted every contour of her body.

He tried to move away, but she reached out and took him by the arm and led him to a corner of the garden near the wall where no one would disturb them. This was a delicious revenge, and it gave her an opportunity to put into practice all the things she had learned since she had lost favor.

Every day the gardener swore he would never come back, so great was his fear of being discovered. He tried to tell her of the punishment they could expect, of the incredible tortures that awaited them. And every day she laughed and said she would see him tomorrow. And every day he returned, trapped by her beauty and her infinite capacity to create pleasure he had never before known existed.

Fara, too, must have known it would happen sooner or later. Her visits to the garden became so regular they aroused suspicion, and the change in her manner confirmed it. One of the eunuchs, insanely jealous of anyone who could enjoy the one experience in life he could never have, followed Fara into the garden one day. He watched bitterly, hidden behind a clump of palms, and fingered a long whip with blood encrusted thongs.

He watched them greet each other, watched them embrace and remove their clothes and embrace again. When they were oblivious to everything around them, he uncoiled his whip and brought it down with all his force on their naked bodies.

With the first blow he became a madman, slashing with the strength of a giant and sending them screaming around the garden, running wildly to escape the searing pain of that terrible whip tearing the very skin from their bodies. The perverted mind of the eunuch made him hate the gardener with a hate no normal man can know, and soon the poor boy lay unconscious in a quivering heap as the blows rained down on him.

Then the eunuch turned on Fara, beating her with gleeful ferocity. The whip laced around her body, cutting her breasts and drawing blood with every stroke, ripping into her tender belly and leaving it bleeding with a criss-cross of crimson gashes.

In a few moments she too fell unconscious and quivering beside the body of her lover, the smoothness of her alabaster body ruined forever with wounds that would never heal, except in scars that would cover her entire body forever and brand her as unfaithful.

The garden filled rapidly now

with the palace guard and other eunuchs and concubines, and soon the Taureg appeared to take charge.

He listened for a moment to the story of debauchery told in every lurid, lascivious detail by the eunuch. Then he spat on Fara and turned away as she regained consciousness. "Throw them into the streets," he said, and to Fara it was the voice of death.

Naked and penniless, with scarcely an inch of her skin not bleeding, she would die a death of starvation and infection. Fara threw herself at his feet. "Mercy, in the name of Allah, have mercy!" she implored.

He had mercy. He kicked her in the head so hard she passed out.

When Fara awoke it was night, and she was lying in the street beside her lover. Their hands were tied to each other's feet, and they were in the gutter. They were lucky. They died before morning where they lay—two slaves in a land where human life is the cheapest of all commodities. END

CONFESSIONS OF A GIGOLO

(Continued from page 19)

The next night another older woman, Martha, asked me to have a drink with her. As we sat in a booth she simpered:

"How would you like to have a drink up in my suite, Freddie?"

I hesitated, appraising her. She was all of 50, and the strain on her girlish must have been terrific.

"What's wrong?" she bridled. "I know I'm twice your age, but I'm well-preserved, aren't I?"

"Of course," I smiled, turning on the charm. "You're an exceptionally attractive woman, Martha."

"Oh, you dear, dear boy!" she gushed, getting to her feet. "Shall we go?"

We went, and when I finally left I was another \$100 richer.

But the very next night I learned that everything would not be smooth sailing. I danced one number with a really cute redhead in her late thirties. A divorcee.

After the dance we had a drink. She then excused herself to go to the powder room. As she left a greasy-haired, saw-toothed guy slid into her seat. I had sized him up from the first as a fortune-hunter.

"Listen, guy," he said out of the side of his mouth. "Margaret's my game, see? I've been making a play for her for a long time; spent lots of dough on her. So you lay off."

"And if I don't?" I asked.

He leaned across the table, his eyes mean.

"I got pals, playboy," he said, "and you got looks. Okay. If you get your face kicked in you're finished, huh?"

I am six foot, 180 pounds, and have always kept myself in good physical trim, but that wouldn't do me much good against a mob of pub-uglies who'd probably use brass knucks.

"There's plenty of other dames," sallow-face reminded.

"Yes," I nodded. "Maybe you're right. But listen, brother. If you try to horn in on any of my partners, then I'll take you apart single-handed."

"Fair enough."

He went away.

Just the same, I had learned something. From then on I was careful not to poach on the other fellow's preserves.

But most of them were playing it differently, especially the older men. They were out to go through a form of marriage with one of these wealthy women, clean them out entirely and then fade.

But the women thus regarded as fair game were not altogether fools. Love-starved and man-hungry most of them undoubtedly were, but they were also man-wise. Consequently, as in my case there never was even a hint of marriage, I found myself becoming increasingly popular.

Furthermore, as a concession to my pride and self-respect, I never made a direct charge, never tried to wheedle large sums of money out of my companions, or, in fact, ever even mentioned money.

Consequently, once or twice I received only \$25, but for the most part I found \$100 or more in a pocket.

One night, after a session with an ecstatic, half-tight and love-crazed woman, I found \$500 dollars in my jacket pocket when I returned to my hotel room.

By now I was regarding my bank account with appreciative eyes and wondering just how long the racket would last. Until the end of the season, I hoped. By then I would have a worthwhile stake.

But it didn't last that long.

That night I was in Marian's apartment. We were not what you'd call fully dressed. Shortly after midnight the phone rang.

"Why, hello Jack!" Marian said into the mouthpiece. "Why, I can hear you as plainly as if you were here, instead of in New York!"

"I am here," came so sharply I overheard it. "I'm downstairs and I'm coming right up."

"Oh, but—" Marian jerked erect, staring at me so terrified. "But, Jack, how?"

"I'm here, I tell you," came roughly, "and I'm coming right up."

"Oh, God!" Replacing the receiver Marian jumped to her feet, clutching me and staring into my face. "My husband! I thought—"

"Husband?" I froze, staring incredulously. This was a new angle. "Why, you—" Pushing her away I started thinking hurriedly. "Stall him until I'm down the fire escape."

"But he has a key," Marian whispered frantically, staring wildly around her as if seeking some means of escape.

And then we both jumped, turning startled faces towards the door as it opened and a big man entered.

"What the—" He pulled up short, gaping, then slowly took it all in. The bottles, glasses and other tell-tale signs.

Lifting his suitcase high over his head, he flung it at me. I ducked and it went through a window with a crash of shattering glass. And then we were really fighting.

Although Marian's husband was bigger than I, he was flabby. I had the edge of youth and physical fitness. Yet even as we fought, I felt sorry for the poor guy. What a shock to pay his wife a surprise visit and to find her with another man.

But I now had to knock him out so that I could get away. His wind was his chief weakness, so I drove plenty of fists into his midriff. I finished with a smashing uppercut that laid him out cold.

All the time Marian had been fluttering around us, crying and sobbing hysterically.

"Oh, Freddie!" she pleaded as I began straightening out my clothes.

"Now you must take me away with you. When he comes to he'll kill me."

"And maybe you deserve it," I snapped. "You told me you were a widow. You double-crossed me with your widow talk. But you're safe. He'll spend the next two or three days in bed. That gives me a chance to get well away, and for you to work on him for his forgiveness."

I took a plane to Honolulu that noon. There I found about the same preponderance of lonely, well-to-do women, love-starved and man-hungry, and bent on having a last fling.

They eagerly noted the arrival of any unattached male, and even that first evening in the hotel dining-room I caught several of them sizing me up.

In turn, I appraised them and thought over the whole matter carefully. I didn't want to go on like this indefinitely. At long last I was beginning to tire of just playing around; was now beginning to feel that I'd like some really solid business that would return a good, honest and decent living.

I know about what such a business would cost and I realize I

could never hope to acquire such a large sum working for wages.

But I can make money quickly and easily at my new-found occupation. So, until I have the amount of money I want, I'm remaining a gigolo. END

ONLY A FEW GOOD SCOUTS

(Continued from page 30)

great strain. Hunter pulled him in to the room. "I'm Burns," he said. "Keep your voice down. I am surrounded by people who sleep with their ears open. You are Hitchcross?"

The man nodded, whispered the news excitedly. "The well's the biggest damned thing since Pit Hole," he said. "They just got her capped when I left."

Hunter nodded. "We will play these cards close to the vest! Don't leave this room until I return and tell you it's safe. Help yourself to the liquor, undress and take a nap. You've done a good job."

Hunter slipped on his boots and a coat. He slid the screwdriver in his pocket, shook hands with the mud-splashed man and left. Outside the room, he replaced the number plates on the right doors, strolled down stairs, walked serenely to Corrigan's saloon, shouldered up to the bar.

"Glass of Irish whiskey, Mister Corrigan," he said somewhat loudly. "A double jolt, sir!" As he sipped the liquor, he noticed that Corrigan had winked at a man at the other end of the bar. Before the drink was consumed, a dozen men had quietly left the premises.

Zuver's men signed up leases on all of the property surrounding the capped-in gusher while Mr. Burns enjoyed a night of sound and restful sleep. That afternoon, a bleary-eyed man who claimed he was Hitchcross staggered out of Room 67, blurted his news to Burns. Burns sent out his lease hounds, but knew they were too late. Hitchcross insisted that he had obeyed orders: come to Room 67, told a man who said he was Burns about the well, drunk some whiskey and gone to sleep.

"You idiot, I'm Burns! This is Room 67. You are a swindler, sir, a damned skunk!"

Hitchcross protested, but couldn't prove that he had been loyal. A month later he received the check for \$5,000 and the cryptic note that said that a screwdriver was a great invention. END

WHEN THE GRAVE WAS OPENED

(Continued from page 32)

The news spread, reaching the outlying hamlets by noon, and a steady flow of visitors came into the village. At eleven the grave was finished and the men returned to their houses for a meal. Nellama had everything ready for Bhula. She had gone to great trouble in the preparation of his last meal. And she was more than rewarded by the approving smile he gave her as she placed the dish of white rice and the basin of savory curry before him, with the little brass bowls of various chutneys he liked so much.

Hindu women do not dine with their husbands, and because Nellama's mind was uneasy she drew the edge of her sari over her head and slipped out into the field, intending to run across and look at the grave now that the workmen had gone, and before the sightseers began to arrive. As she passed behind the cactus hedge that divided her little pumpkin garden from the field she saw someone walking away from the grave. It was Runga.

She waited till he was out of sight, then hurried to the edge of the grave. She peered into it and saw nothing but bare walls smooth with freshly-plastered mortar. It was like a large box and perfectly empty. There could be no room for suspicion there, surely, with the midday sun shining down into its depths, illuminating every inch of space. Her fears subsided and she sat down by the vault, determined not to leave it again until Bhula's father arrived. She saw her husband come out of his house and look round for her. But she knew that he did not really want her. It is not the custom for a Hindu to be seen chatting with his wife in broad daylight. So she sat there, patiently keeping guard.

The crowd gathered during the afternoon, and after looking at the grave the people sat down and waited for the procession. It came from the village with the usual accompaniment of tom-toms and horns, and all the village seemed to be in its wake. The central figure was that of Bhula, dressed in white and gold and adorned with garlands of oleander flowers. He was carried on the shoulders of his tribesmen and brother conjurers. The Commissioner and the tall grey-haired American, followed by two native policemen, walked apart, deep in conversation. When they reached the grave they were invited

to examine anything they pleased. This they did, especially the American, who climbed into the grave and tapped its sides. He found the grave to be nothing but what it professed to be—a square vault with unburnt brick walls and floor.

All eyes were fixed upon Bhula's father as he began the mysterious rite of putting his son to sleep. The chattering of the crowd stopped and there was complete silence.

"What are you doing?" asked the American, leaning forward.

The conjurer made no secret of his work.

"See, your honor, I place these small pellets of clay in my son's ears and these in his nostrils." He made a few passes and Bhula's eyes and features became fixed. The conjurer opened his son's mouth and turned back the tongue so that it formed a stopping to the throat. The American laid a hand upon the unconscious man's shoulder and shook him, but there was no response.

The Commissioner started. He was new to his post, but none knew better how small a value is sometimes put upon human life.

"Wake him!" he ordered.

Bhula's father hesitated. "My son lives," he said confidently.

"Perhaps, but you will wake him."

Reluctantly the father removed the pellets and drew back the tongue from his son's throat. Bhula began to breathe softly and regularly like a child in its sleep.

"Shall I wake him?" the father asked.

"No, you may finish the performance," said the Commissioner. The pellets were replaced and the body resumed its death-like appearance. Nellama's vague fears were allayed, and she watched the preparations for closing the tomb with relief and pride. Never a doubt crossed her mind of the power of Bhula to return to life when his father commanded him to do so.

But unseen to the watchful eyes of Nellama, on the morning of the fourth day a tiny insect entered the grave. It moved timidly, pausing, hesitating, undecided as though it would go back, yet always returning and steadily progressing. With the unerring instinct of its species it advanced until it reached the motionless body. It mounted inch by inch, retracing its steps, exploring, feeling, testing with its tiny antennae, till it came to the closed and sightless eyes. There it remained as motionless as the unconscious man except for the nervous tremor of the antennae.

Suddenly it turned and left the body, making straight for the hole by which it had entered—a hole cunningly bored through the unburnt brick and the plaster into the soft earth beyond. Hours passed and nothing moved within the

living grave. At midnight two slender horns were pushed through the tunnel, and the pioneer descended the wall along its old track. It had carried its message to the countless hordes of its own kind, and legion upon legion of ants followed in its train.

Perhaps the suspended soul of Bhula saw it all. Perhaps, agonizingly, it strove to speak or to move that mortal form through which before it had found the means to express emotion, to feel earthly pleasure and pain. One shake of the hand, one thrust of the foot and the advancing hordes would panic and rush from the grave.

But the soul was powerless. On streamed the torrent in an ever-increasing flood, till it grew to a vast seething mass. Further and further, stealthily and nervously crept the pioneer of the band till once more it stood before the sightless eyes.

On the morning of the appointed day for opening the grave, Runga passed her in the village street. There was a grim smile upon his face that she did not understand.

Many people gathered to see the opening of the grave. Men with shovels stood ready to remove the earth when ordered to do so by the Commissioner. But before the order was given, he and the American fully satisfied themselves that the top-soil had not been disturbed and that there had been no trickery. "By all the laws of nature," said the American, "this man ought to be dead as a herring. Neither food nor air can possibly have been introduced."

At the signal, the men set to work. The stone was bared, the mortar chipped away, and the heavy slab levered up. The American himself was the first to descend into the grave and he was quickly followed by Bhula's father. Nellama, prompted by a strange anxiety, pressed forward through the throng and leaned over to look into her husband's tomb. She shrieked and fell back in a faint. The American looked up at the Commissioner. Horror showed in his eyes. There was a groan of despair from Bhula's father.

A skeleton lay at their feet. Bhula had met with the one dread fate that is so much feared by all the Hindu magicians and conjurers who practice this art. He had been eaten by ants. Not a shred of flesh was left on his bones.

Later his young wife reproached herself bitterly for failing to detect the hole so cunningly bored. She did not know that there had been no hole when she had examined the grave. Runga had plugged it with sweetened rice flour, knowing well that no creature on earth would discover it—except an ant!

TRAIL OF THE DEATH DOG

(Continued from page 13)

up and dressed and the stiffening chill out of my bones I made plans.

I made a small bundle of food and stepped out to the main trail, planning to follow it straight in to Fort Egbert. Signs in the snow suddenly changed my mind.

As plain as the dirty stain on my blood-soaked parka were the tracks that told me the robbers were heading for the coast, but, what was more important, the dogs were not working efficiently. At least they hadn't when they pulled out. Instead of striking off for Fort Egbert, I followed along the trail back to the glacier.

For a few minutes I studied the crowding, irregular prints of the dogs' feet. The team had been hitched up wrong.

Closer observation told me that Mamaloose wasn't working in the lead, and that was going to mean plenty of trouble for the robbers before long. Unless they happened to be very familiar with my string they wouldn't know how to line up the dogs. Mamaloose wasn't the kind to give up the lead without an argument.

Then something down the trail caught my eye. I struck off to investigate, and guessed what it was even before I reached the spot.

The two-foot rut was broken by a trampled area where a fight had taken place. The snow was dotted with red spots, and there were little tufts of hair scattered about. There were tracks of the men, and a plain imprint of an elbow where one of them had fallen down.

I dropped to my knee and saw that two of the dogs had been injured in the fight, and that two others were limping. I figured they were the ones that had been hurt on the glacier the day before.

Something else brightened my view. There were red spots that had fallen into the smooth tracks of the runners after the sled had passed. One of the robbers had been injured!

Further on, there was evidence of another fight, and the marks where a dog had been dragged before he was able to regain his feet. Couldn't those fools see that they had the team hooked up wrong? What were they going to do—kill off my whole string?

By the time I reached the glacier I was shaking with rage. Long scratches on the glare spots where the steep ice river rose abruptly from the valley floor were stained

with frozen blood. My heart hurt as I thought of the toenails being torn off the feet of my willing dogs.

I nibbled at a piece of frozen moose steak and pounded on. A rectangle of dim light was visible for a moment. Then a thick clump of trees shut it out again. Luck! They were stopping at the relief cabin. I crept silently ahead. Luckily the dog shelters were back of this particular cabin. I'd be able to slip up and see if there was a gun on the sled by the door.

It took me only a second to find out that the entire load had been moved inside. Cursing my luck beneath my breath, I crept quietly to a corner of the cabin, hidden from the dogs. With my good hand I worked some of the moss chinking loose from the logs. As a pencil of light stabbed out I peeked through the hole.

In one corner a rusty iron stove glowed. One of the two bunks against the back wall was piled with duffle and the mail bags. The man with the lean black stubble-face sat on the other, going through letters which he took from one of the sacks beside him.

The other man sat at a table, also reading mail. I could see the muzzles of two rifles and recognized one as my own. They were leaning, handy to either man, against the wall between the table and the bunk.

I straightened up. A chill shook me from head to foot. After the exercise of hurrying along the trail, the cold now crept rapidly into my bones. Squinting through the hole again I saw that the man at the table had shifted his position and that his trouser leg was ripped to the knee. There was a red-stained bandage around the calf just above the moccasin top. I looked back at the stove, where the fire was burning briskly. Then keeping the cabin between myself and the dogs, I moved out into the thick timber.

A chorus of snarls greeted my approach. I spoke softly to the team. They all quieted except Mamaloose, who kept growling. I froze for a moment as light from the open door splashed behind me. I dropped into the snow behind a scraggly bush as a figure appeared at the corner of the cabin.

A deep voice threw angry curses at the dogs as the man peered about. Then he went back inside.

With every muscle tightened I stepped quickly to Mamaloose and quieted him. At first the death dog was crouched ready to spring, but the soft voice and reassuring pat on the head brought him to his feet. He stood with his nose out-thrust and almost wagged his plump brush. Almost, but not quite. Mamaloose never showed affection, any more than he ever acted as if he had a master.

I unsnapped his chain from the stake and crept with him to the corner of the cabin outside, where I fastened him. Then, picking up my square of bark, I used the projections of the logs at the corner for a ladder and climbed to the sloping roof. Reaching over to where the yard of five-inch stove-pipe stuck through, I jammed the bark over its top, jumped back down, and led Mamaloose back to the window.

I heard a choking cough from inside, which told me that the first step of my plan was working. More coughing, and then I heard one of the men ask what was the matter with the stove. They shuffled around inside the cabin. I tensed, ready for action. I reached down and patted Mamaloose's wide head.

The door was thrown open violently and the two stumbled out, choking for breath in the open air, coughing the smoke from their lungs. Stepping back, I pressed my good right shoulder against the flimsy window-frame. It crashed inwards and fresh air surged into the cabin. My right arm lifted Mamaloose and shoved him through the opening. I followed as fast as I could.

When the two men ran back inside the cabin I was waiting for them with a loaded rifle in my hands. Their gaze shifted from me to the crouching death dog.

"Watch 'em!" I ordered, and Mamaloose let out a snarl. "The dog's trained to kill," I added, "and he'll have you by the throat if you move." I wasn't sure that what I had said was the truth, but from the look on the faces of the two thugs I knew my threat had gone home.

"Get up on that bunk with the mail bags," I snapped. "Crowd down into the corner and stay there." The two obeyed, hugging the cabin wall to keep away from the death dog's jaws.

Pain lanced through me as I shifted the rifle to the crook of my injured left arm. I wouldn't have been able to pull the trigger with my left hand, but it was essential that I should make the other rifle harmless. I slipped the bolt out and threw it through the smashed window into the snow.

Then I helped myself from the pot of beans which was on the table, trying to cover up the fact that one of my arms was practically useless. But I didn't fool the two outlaws. The dark robber—the one who had fired on me and left me for dead—suddenly dropped from the bunk and lunged for my left arm. He got no further than Mamaloose.

His face turned white with fear and pain and he screamed as the dog's fangs shredded his shoulder and upper arm. Mamaloose had al-

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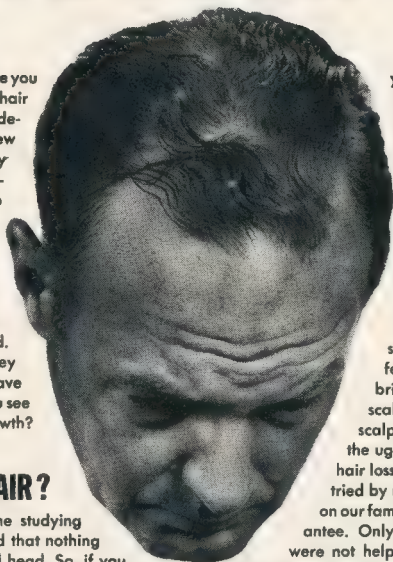
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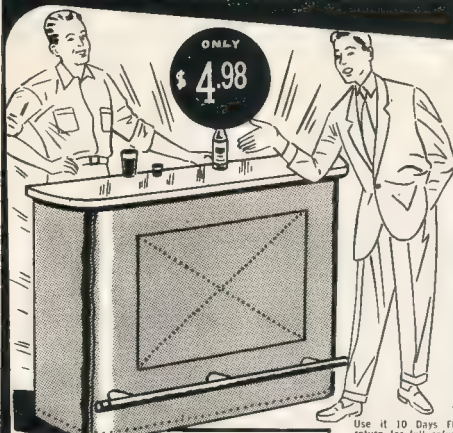
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COUPON
TODAY!

ready worked up a fine hate for the men who had deprived him of the lead spot.

Fear distorted the robber's face as he scrambled back behind his buddy on the bunk. Mamaloose's growls dared him to try it again.

The arrival of the Salt Water mail at Fort Egbert the following morning certainly caused a sensation. Somebody saw my outfit as it turned by the bank and let out a shout that brought everybody into the street. More dead than alive, I clung weakly to the handlebars of my sled, and atop the mail and duffle rode all my dogs except one. The big dark grey death dog marched beside the load.

The two thugs, so deadbeat that they could hardly stand, were towing the sled with bridles of lash rope that ran under their arms and behind their necks. They threw fear-twisted glances at Mamaloose as the crowd kept them from going ahead. Their clothing was torn and bloody.

Dave Wright, manager of Fort Egbert bank, peered into their haggard faces and then turned to me.

"Those men held up my bank a week ago and shot my head teller. They used to work in the mine here. They were after the \$5,000 you're carrying with your mail for bonus pay—right?"

"All I know," I growled, "was that they tried to grab my mail and blow holes in me. They crippled my dogs and I figured it would be a swell idea to put them in harness and give the team a ride."

"You're hurt. Let's get you to a doctor."

"Not until Mamaloose here gets the best feed in town. Best dog in Alaska, old Mamaloose!"

END

WE HACKED
THROUGH
THEIR FLESH

(Continued from page 9)

slender. Each man wore an armored vest. But there was something wrong. I didn't get it at first, but then it dawned on me.

The men carried rifles and a lot of Browning automatic rifles. That was okay. What shook me up was the fact there wasn't a light machine gun or bazooka or 60-millimeter mortar anywhere!

I knew it was a breach of front-line etiquette, but I had to find out why. I swallowed once or twice.

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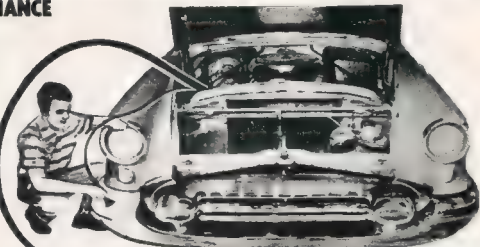
Now you can add to your income during spare-time hours... because 8 out of 10 cars on the road today **NEED REPLATING**. You can charge from \$5.00 for touching-up to \$50.00 for replating an entire car. It's easy and there's good money in it for you. When your neighbors see the brilliant plating on your car, they'll surely want you to do the job for them! Replate other things for profit too—faucets, home appliances, table ware, cutlery, tools, doctors' and dentists' instruments.

AMAZING NEW SPEEDPLATER has already plated thousands of cars with **Extraordinary Results**! Here are just a few of the many unsolicited comments received from thrilled users: "...The outfit arrived O.K. and I must say it does everything you say it does and more... Thanks very much for sending me something that is really worth many times the price you charge..." Rev. M. D. Awtry, Naples, Fla. "...To say I am pleased is putting it very mild. I have got more work than two of us can do... we have to start Booking Jobs Ahead like the family Doctor..."

Frank Sumner, Kokomo, Ind.

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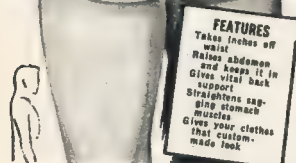
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Lynbrook, N. Y.

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"How—how come no heavy stuff?" I stammered. Esposito's grin became a leer.

"That junk slows the boys down. They like to work fast. I have a hell of a job making some of them carry rifles. Look!" He barked something to his men. Each one reached down to his belt and hauled out a knife honed to razor-sharpness.

"See? That's what they prefer. The Chinese are afraid of steel. We usually give them a lot of it!"

We shoved off after a short—entirely too short for my taste—barge kicked up a dust-cloud on our objective. We'd gone less than 300 yards past our own wire when the Reds started throwing everything they had at us.

"We have time—before they really get on target," my "guide" yelled to me. "No need to duck—yet!"

The other platoon ran into the first bunker. Lt. Esposito signalled his men to drop and lay down a base of fire until the obstacle was cleared. I ground out a few feet of film—and then I set the camera down.

What I was watching was impossible—but the Filipinos were doing it. Two men calmly crawled forward under the curtain of fire their buddies were tossing out. A few feet from the bunker, they stood up and the fire shifted to both sides of them.

Casually, unhurriedly, the green-clad figures sauntered to the nearest embrasure. They pulled the pins on several grenades, held them—and shoved them into the bunker!

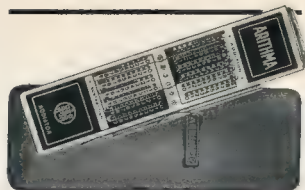
A split-second later, one of them caught a bullet in the throat and rolled away from the firing-port. The other man flattened himself and waited for the explosions. The blasts were dull and muffled. Puffs of smoke seemed to hiccup out of the embrasures.

I wanted to turn around and run. I wanted to haul my tail back to the relative safety of the M.L.R. There I would no longer feel alone, a sitting-duck target for the Chinese . . .

Another bunker lay squarely in our path. Our advance slowed and stopped. Serafino Esposito saw it—and claimed it for himself and for his men.

"Stay here!" he commanded me. "We'll take care of the *putang ina* class." "Sons of whores," he called the Reds, lapsing into his native Tagalog in his eager excitement. He yelled to his men in a weird mixture of English, Spanish and Tagalog.

Six or seven Filipinos scrambled forward. Two never made it to the bunker. One took a burst squarely in the groin—just below his armored vest. He was dead before the impact of the slugs smashed him to the ground.



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The other man was hit in the leg. He fell, rolled, got to his knees. The pin was already out of the grenade in his fist. He threw it—more as a gesture of defiance than anything else—before flopping limply in the dirt.

The others made it. Only God—or the gods of war—know how, but they did. They stuffed and crammed their grenades into the firing-ports. They shouted and howled when the bunker rocked and shook from the force of the bursting high explosives.

I was hypnotized by what I was seeing—and only half-believing. I forgot the heavy camera slung over my shoulder—forgot why I was there. There was contagion in the Filipinos' madness. I leaped up and ran for the bunker. The Eyemo swung at the end of the webbed strap and banged cruelly into my hipbone. I barely noticed it.

I'd gotten more than halfway when I stopped stock-still. A sudden surge of yammering fear closed down over me. My mouth was open and the fear became terror lancing painfully through every fiber in my body. I was only dimly aware of Lt. Esposito as he came out from behind the bunker and angled toward me.

The rising shriek of the incoming shell triggered my tensed and coiled muscles. I threw myself flat and pressed my face and flesh against the stones.

Yeah. Serafino Esposito, Lieutenant, Philippine Army, a man I outweighed by at least 50 pounds, had to help me to my feet.

"Come on, 'Hollywood,'" he said. "We got a long way to go—" And the knife in his hand was red with blood.

April 5, 1952. Chorwon. Five Chinese to every Filipino. The Reds deep in their bunkers and pill-boxes with their artillery and mortars and machine guns shooting up every inch of the landscape.

Facing them, daring them to come out and fight—two battered platoons from the 20th Battalion Combat Team. Sixty little men with their silly pop-guns and their knives.

How do you describe incredible bravery that verges on suicidal insanity? How can you describe a butcher shop in hell and little brown men whose heroism makes them ten feet tall? I can't. I can only tell of what I saw and heard and felt.

"Madmen! Goddam madmen!" I called them.

They needed almost an hour to reduce the odds against them from five-to-one to three-to-one and then bring them down to where they stood man-to-man. It was an hour during which every second was filled with death. It was an ad-



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vance in which every step was through the enemy's blood.

They hacked and stabbed and slashed their way. As if they were hacking a trail through their native jungles with their *bolos*, they chopped their way through flesh and bone.

They didn't wipe their blades. Blood covered their hands and arms and splattered and stained their clothing. Often it was their own blood . . .

Lt. Esposito was far ahead of me, working over a pillbox with WP grenades. I'd ducked behind a shattered tree. My hands were slimy with sweat. I found it difficult to open my camera. I wanted to change rolls. I'd managed to take only two rolls since we began—and that included what I'd exposed in the assembly area.

I had my head down, checking the seating of the sprocket holes. I pushed the shutter plate home and ran off a foot or two of leader. I replaced the door . . .

The Red must have remained hidden when the assault line swept beyond his fox-hole. He came out of it now. He was either crazed or doped. A white froth bubbled out of his mouth and drooled down his chin. He babbled and grunted like a rabid animal. There was a burp-gun in his hands.

I dropped my camera and reached for my holstered .45. The Red saw me. His eyes were wild. He triggered his weapon. Bullets stitched into the earth inches from my body. One tore into the Eymemo and spun it around.

I had my .45. I raised it—and froze.

It came out of his chest and his face twisted into a mask of agonized disbelief. The knife wiped itself clean as it was shoved through the thick layers of the quilted uniform. It glinted metallically and blood spread and soaked the padding.

I saw it as though it were a tableau. The Chinese soldier was a statue frozen and transfixed by a knife thrust through his back.

Slowly, like a wax figurine melting in front of a fire, he began to collapse. His legs buckled and he fell forward, the blade that protruded from his chest pulling free as he fell.

"Okay, Sarge?"

The Filipino soldier threw me a mock salute. He hesitated only long enough to assure himself that I was unhurt—and he scampered away to join his buddies.

I stared disconsolately at the wreck of my camera and picked myself up and followed him. The little brown men were almost finished with their work. They had not been ordered to hold the objective—only to assault the hill, harass the foe, kill as many as they

could and attempt to bring back prisoners.

Esposito and his men were blowing up Chinese ammunition and bunkers. They set their charges carefully and the Chinese defenses and supplies that remained went up in boiling fountains of smoke and flame.

The Filipinos had taken eight prisoners—twice as many as the 45th Division, the outfit to which the 20th was attached—had hoped to get. Lt. Esposito's platoon had three of the Red prisoners in tow. They came along meekly. Their eyes bugged in terror at the *bolos* their captors carried.

"Let's beat it," the officer called to me. "Before there's a counter-attack."

They went as though they were strolling through Central Park and the enemy looked strangely out of place.

By God, there was contagion in their madness. As I trailed after them, I found that I was moving like that, too—as though I was taking a morning stroll!

END

DEATH IS A DEEP BLACK HOLE

(Continued from page 41)

I wondered suddenly about the others. I looked up, but saw no light. Maybe they'd all gone away and left me, thinking I was dead. Maybe there had been another accident at the top. Maybe the roof of the tunnel had collapsed under the jar of my falling, crushing the lives from the four men up there.

In sudden panic, I screamed at the top of my lungs, and heard the noise oddly muffled as it echoed up the shaft. There came a quick answer, and then a tiny point of light shone far above me.

"Ron! You all right?"

It was George Warford. The panic suddenly flooded away. I was not alone. There was hope.

"I guess so!" I shouted. "Are the others there?"

"Gary and Jim went for help. You've been down there almost half an hour. We've only got one flashlight, and we're saving it."

I felt dizzy and leaned back against the side of the shaft, only four feet wide at the bottom, too narrow to lie down in. I'm over six feet tall, and I wondered how it was I crashed down to the bottom without being killed.

"Shine the light down," I called up.

The pinpoint of light high above me flicked on again. It seemed to

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This is a professional model which anyone can operate. You simply plug the extension cord in to any outlet AC or DC, and for TV or Radio tubes, you just insert the tube into one of 5 special sockets provided. If the tube is good the All-Purpose-Tester Neon Indicator lights. If the Neon Indicator doesn't light, the tube is bad! That's all there is to it! And these special five sockets will take any one of 4000 tube types made, including the big TV Picture Tube!

A special pair of test probes are provided for testing appliances, toasters, irons, fans, outlets, auto wiring, capacitors, spark plugs, motors, electric circuits, and 1001 other electric devices. You follow simple instructions. Instantly the Neon Light Indicator gives you the answer!

FREE BONUS

Order today, and at no extra charge, you will receive bonus listing of TV & Radio Tubes and parts, that permits you to buy wholesale. Once again you both save money and make money!

**ALL
PURPOSE
TESTER**

**COMPLETE WITH EASY
TO FOLLOW DIRECTIONS**

**A COMPLETE TUBE
AND ELECTRICAL
TESTER FOR ONLY
\$4.95**

COMPLETE WITH

- ★ 5 special sockets that take 4000 types of TV & Radio Tubes (including picture tube.)
- ★ Neon Test Indicator.
- ★ Two 16 inch test probes.
- ★ Cord Set.
- ★ Internal precision electronic components assembled, in a beautiful steel case, **READY TO USE.**

**TUBE
WHOLESALES
CO.**

**FULLY
GUARANTEES**

**THE
ALL-PURPOSE-TESTER
FOR
5 YEARS
AGAINST
ELECTRICAL
DEFECTS**

**FREE
TRIAL**
USE 30 DAYS
AT NO RISK

TUBE WHOLESALES CO. Dept. CO-11
31 West 47th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Please rush me my amazing "All-Purpose-Tester." I may use it for 30 days and if not completely satisfied I can return it for a full refund. Enclosed find \$4.95 (plus 50¢ for handling charges). Be sure to send me my Free Bonus!

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(PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

**SEND
COUPON
TODAY**

T-Dept

GIANT TOY COLLECTION

500 TOYS

All For Only

\$1.00
Postpaid

Hours and Hours of FUN!
Here's everything a boy and girl ever dreamed of—Tractors, Cars, Trucks, Space Ships, Circus Animals, Farm Animals, Railroad Engines and Cars, Soldiers, Cowboys and Indians, Tanks, Bazaars, Cruisers, Tanks, Artillery, Farm Equipment, Heavy Road Equipment, Jets, Bombers, Rockets, etc.

NOT AVAILABLE IN STORES
True, TWO DIMENSIONAL reproductions of expensive toys. Each toy stands up on its own base. Up to 1½" high and 2¾" long.
Limit — 5 sets to a customer.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

BREA TOY MFG., Dept. 5410, 114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Please rush me _____ sets of GIANT TOY COLLECTION
at \$1.00 per set. I enclose \$_____. ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order
(Sorry no C.O.D.'s)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LIMIT -- 5 Sets To A Customer

BREA TOY MFG. Dept. 5410
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NEW NATURAL LIGHTWEIGHT DENTAL PLATE

Made from your old one
returned Air Mail same day

New Process Saves

Money **\$15.95**
Priced
Low As

New Professional Method makes beautiful permanent foot-fitting plastic plate from old cracked loose plates WITHOUT IMPRESSION.

30 DAY MONEY-BACK TRIAL

YOU can have gorgeous, natural-looking, perfect-fitting false plates that are comfortable, healthful and cheerful. From your old plate we will make a brand new denture—upper, lower or partial—perfectly matched, perfectly natural. Amazing savings with new scientific Clinical method. New plates returned to you Air Mail usually within eight hours.

SEND NO MONEY! Just send name and address for interesting details of wonderful guarantee that enables you to try your new plate for 30 whole days to be sure they're EXACTLY what you want. If not delighted, Clinical returns every cent you've paid. Write now.

CLINICAL DENTAL LABORATORY, Dept. M-35

335 West Madison Street - Chicago 6, Illinois

Now Easy Way Gives You HOT WATER

Saves Time, Work, Money

Amazing New Portable Pocket-Bian Electric Water Heater gives hot water... where and when you need it! Flows in water and plus in! No fire to build. No hot water to carry. For bathing, washing clothes, dishes, etc. Saves time, work AND money! AC or DC. Just follow SIMPLE DIRECTIONS. Order NOW!

SEND NO MONEY! Just name and address. Pay postman only \$1.99 plus C.O.D. postage. Satisfaction or return in 10 days for money back.

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Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

MEN PAST 40

Troubled with GETTING UP NIGHTS, Pains in BACK, HIPS, LEGS, Tiredness Loss of Physical Vigor

If you have these symptoms then your troubles may be traced to Glandular Dysfunction... a constitutional disease. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble. Neglect of Glandular Dysfunction often leads to premature old age and sometimes incurable malignancy.

The past few years men from over 3,000 communities have been successfully treated here at the Excelsior Institute. They have found soothing relief and new zest in life.

The Excelsior Institute, devoted to the treatment of diseases peculiar to older men by NON-SURGICAL methods has a NEW FREE BOOK that tells how Glandular Dysfunction may be corrected by proven NON-SURGICAL treatments. This book may prove of utmost importance in your life. Write today. There is no obligation.

Excelsior Institute, Dept. B5534, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

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That's how I made \$20,000 a year — selling junk jewelry to the U. S. Government. Send me your name and I'll show you how I did it!

LEARN AT HOME IN ONE EVENING

This is the most fantastic way of making money you ever heard of. That's because you do all your "selling" BY MAIL to one customer—the U. S. Government! Uncle Sam will buy all the old junk jewelry you send in at \$35.00 AN OUNCE for the gold it contains. Just follow my Plan and you can pick up gold on any street in your town. I show you where to find it, what to pay, how to test and how to mail to Uncle Sam for cash. I'll teach you the secrets by which I made \$20,000 a year. No charge for facts. No salesman will call. Send no money—just your name, address on postcard. **Leslie Patton, 335 W. Madison St., Dept. P-49, Chicago 6, Ill.**

be miles away in the blackness, but it could not have been more than maybe 100 feet. Still, the deep, black hole seemed a virtual prison, and I began to wonder if I'd get out alive.

In the dull glow of the flash, I found my coat, lying near me, where it had been ripped from my body as I fell, to drop after me to the bottom. I was shaking with a sudden chill, and I struggled to get the coat on.

The feeling of panic began returning as I sat there shaking in the damp bottom of the pit, and I called out to Warford again, to hear his voice. I told him I was cold, and he stripped off his heavy shirt and threw it down. It came down like a fluttering bat, and settled over me. I put it on and felt better.

A sudden rain of rocks showered down on top of me. I ducked my head between my knees and felt the stones slamming hard onto my back, and then the little avalanche stopped.

I took the shirt and wrapped it around my head and crouched there, waiting for death, which seemed so close now.

Warford kept up a running conversation at the top, trying to dispel the terror of my loneliness down at the bottom of the black pit. We tried to figure how far I'd fallen. It had to be between 85 and 100 feet. That I still lived was a miracle, and I knew they had believed at first that I was dead.

A sudden rumble came, and I heard the whistle of falling rocks once more. This time, I knew they were big. With lethal speed the crumbling side of the shaft tumbled down, a rain of death. With a sudden crash, a giant boulder slammed to a stop beside my legs, and then a shower of smaller rocks pounded me mercilessly.

When the slide subsided, I heard another sound above me. This time, it was the voices of the others, yelling encouragement. Gary and Jim had found a group of mountain-climbers, sent by a strange fate to the bottom of Squaw Peak.

Perhaps there was a Divine guidance, I don't know. But they had a 150-foot nylon climbing rope, and that was the lifeline I needed so badly.

I could hear the men above rigging the rope double, and then I saw the dark form of one of them, edging down toward me, silhouetted against a brighter spotlight.

Soon the rescuer was beside me, and I looked up and grinned at Owen Skousen and thanked him for coming down to me. Skousen tied the nylon rope around me, and I started up. I fought off terrible nausea as the men above hauled me up, and I silently prayed that another heavy rockfall would not

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

**MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH**



UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage



ELECTRIC Spot Reducer



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with SPOT REDUCER! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

PLUG IN
GRASP
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AND
APPLY

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

**Don't Stay FAT—You Can Lose
POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY**

Without Risking
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With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you repair and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the SPOT REDUCER, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The SPOT REDUCER is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own, AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON NOW!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACES AND PAINS



CAN'T SLEEP:

Relax with electric SPOT Reducer. See how soothing massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



MUSCULAR ACES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomfort that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, neck, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

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Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$12.98. Send DeLux Model.

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Address

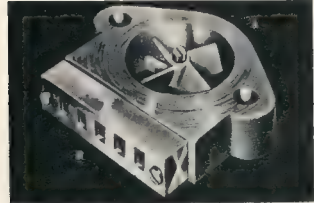
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☐ **SAVE POSTAGE**—check here if you enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies. ☐ I enclose \$12.98. Send DeLux Model.

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MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

NOW! Turn Your Waste Gas Into Blazing SUPER POWER!



**Up To 15 More Horsepower,
6 More Miles Per Gallon . . .**

Or It Doesn't Cost You a Cent!

It's true! Now you can get the breath-taking acceleration . . . jack-rabbit starts . . . blazing new power that you've dreamed about for years—simply by harnessing the raw, unburnt gasoline that your engine is wasting today!

Get performance from your car that will make friends gasp with astonishment—and save \$25, \$50, and even \$75 a year on gas bills doing it!

Yes! You, yourself, can fit this amazing gasolizer onto your car in as little as 20 easy minutes! Then simply turn on your ignition—and a modern miracle of engineering science—comes to life under your hood!

Test It 100 Different Ways!

Use it to flash away from other cars . . . spurt up the steepest hill! Feel the new, life-saving reserve power passing power you get at 50-60-70 miles an hour with your foot still only halfway down on the pedal!

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This Power Booster is patented after superchargers selling for as high as \$600. It SUPERMIXES . . . SUPER-VAPORIZES . . . SUPER ATOMIZES your gas . . . mixes that gas with much greater volumes of air . . . makes that gas more explosive in your engine . . . squeezes the hidden power out of that gas! No wonder dozens of leading car magazines call this the "money-saving discovery of the year."

Try It Entirely At Our Risk!

This MINI-SUPERCHARGER (U.S. Patent No. 2,499,397) sells for only \$11.95 for most cars—or \$14.95 if your car comes equipped with a special four barrel carburetor. This is your total cost—there is no installation fee! You have nothing to lose. You must be amazed and delighted or your full money back! ACT TODAY!

FREE! AMAZING DIAL-O-MAGIC TROUBLE SPOTTER! Saves you up to \$250 on repairs! Let us find your trouble with a flick of your finger! BUT ACT TODAY!

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Yes! This device must save you on gas alone—EVERY SINGLE CENT OF THE MONEY YOU PAY FOR IT—OR YOUR FULL MONEY BACK! This offer is good for all four months! ACT TODAY!

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**IMPORTANT: For Full Savings
Be Sure Coupon Is Completely
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(Yes, I want to try your amazing MINI-SUPERCHARGER entirely at your risk! I will not purchase until account checked below this line C.O.D. charges \$14.95. My car is equipped with a special four barrel carburetor. I understand that if I don't do everything you say or my full money back! Also send me as your Extra Gift Present, the Free DIAL-O-MAGIC Trouble Spotter. I may keep it even if I return the SUPERCHARGER.)

MAKE OF CAR _____ YEAR _____
MODEL _____ 4 DOOR OR 2 DOOR _____
CYLINDERS _____ # CYLINDERS _____ STRAIGHT _____ V-4 _____
STANDARD TRANSMISSION _____ AUTOMATIC _____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

IF CHECK HERE TO HAVE MORE! Enclose check or money order and we will ship you the MINI-SUPERCHARGER. You save as much as \$1.00! Some money back guarantee, of course.

crash down on the man at the bottom, where I had lain.

Within minutes we were both out of that awful hellhole. Death wasn't a deep black hole—not for me. END

MY CLIENT MR. COWARD

(Continued from page 23)

spurred from his mouth as he began puking up his gin and backing away from the lion. The cat smelled the alcohol fumes and it seemed to drive him wild. Wheeler saw the lion rearing up and pawing the air and his nerve broke completely. Screaming, he threw down his rifle and started to run. Acting on animal instinct, the lion charged after him.

Quickly I laid my sights along the lion's spine and triggered. The huge cat appeared to break in half, scotching belly-first to a halt on the rocks. I wheeled around, frantically working the bolt of the Magnum.

The lioness had come boiling from the same hole as her mate, about 30 yards to my rear. I was blocking her path of escape and she charged me to fight her way out. K'Linni, who had climbed to safety on the kloof wall, hurled his assegai into her when she rushed past him. The spear slowed her down long enough for me to finish putting my bullet into the lion.

By the time I turned to face her, the lioness was up again and coming at me full tilt, the broken-off shaft of K'Linni's spear wavering upward from her ribs. She had raised her head to aim for a long leap when I squeezed off the only shot I knew I'd ever get. My bullet exploded her left eyeball and she spun around, nose-diving onto the rocks. I got ready again, but she didn't get up.

The broken-backed lion was still struggling to get up and fight, dragging himself along with his forefeet and growling pitifully. I took aim for the back of his head and fired. The bullet slammed his shaggy head against the rocks and flattened him out. The only movement left in him was the dying twitches of his tail.

I looked around for my client, but he was nowhere in sight. I figured he was still running from the lion.

When I got to camp Wheeler was already there. He was sick, but sober. From the look of his sweat-soaked clothes he must have run the whole distance to camp. Scattered around him were a half-

Help Your BACK Feel Years Younger!



Even Pounding Vibration loses much of its power to wear you out when you guard your back with Pi Peer BACK-EASER.

PI PEER BACK-EASER

**Rests and Massages
Back Muscles As you
Work and Walk**

Work more rested!—Feel, look and act more comfortable, guarded against nervous soreness and tiredness in that weary, strained or weak back. Even despite a pounding, back-larring job . . . standing . . . lifting . . . etc. That's the promise of the makers of new Pi Peer BACK-EASER. You get all these blessings—or GET YOUR MONEY BACK!

Not Like Others!

Don't think of Pi Peer BACK-EASER as any other "back rest," "back belt," etc. It's different and better from its muscle-engineered sacroiliac cushion (which massages the back as you move) to its balanced-pull belt. This last advanced design keeps equalized support on pelvis and sacroiliac; can't twist itself; can't twist you! Yet it's light, soft, completely washable and easy to wear as your shorts.

Why You Feel So Much Better

Actually Pi Peer BACK-EASER works like "extra back muscles" to "hold you together." You look better, too, because Pi Peer BACK-EASER helps flatten sagging belly muscles, makes it easier to breathe deeper; meantime "massage-action" spinal cushion stimulates circulation.

We'll Prove It at Our Risk!

Don't just take our word for it—and do nothing! Accept our challenge and find out how much more rested—more you feel—yes, more healthy you can feel, wearing Pi Peer BACK-EASER. Order from us on this daring offer: We'll send you the BACK-EASER. Try it 10 days. If you're not convinced, send it back and we'll refund every cent of your money! Very little money, too, for so much comfort—we send Pi Peer BACK-EASER under our solid guarantee, for only \$9.95 postpaid (cash, check or money order). Use coupon below to order. Mail it today!

Pi Peer Brace Co., Dept. QAG 107-B
811 Wyandotte St., Kansas City 5, Mo.

ORDER NOW!

Pi Peer Brace Co., Dept. QAG 107-B
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Send _____ Pi Peer BACK-EASERS at \$9.95 each. My measurement around hips is _____ inches.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State _____

☐ money order
\$ _____ enclosed ☐ cash ☐ check

**GIVES YOU THE RIGHT ANSWERS
TO ANY PROBLEM . . . AT ONCE!**

Save \$\$\$
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Bills

**ADDS
SUBTRACTS
MULTIPLIES
AUTOMATICALLY!**

Amazing Midget Adding Machine

Makes all adding easier for home, office, school, bill paying, shopping, income taxes, golf, bridge, etc. Now, get all the right answers at once—at your fingertips. A fine, precision instrument as accurate as any full-size commercial adding machine. 5 day money-back guarantee. Order today!

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Rush _____ Midget Adding Machine.
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☐ Check enc. ☐ Ship C.O.D. plus 40c postage.
Name _____
Full Address _____
.....

dozen empty gin cases and piles of broken glass among the rocks. The place looked and smelled as if a liquor factory had exploded.

"I broke every last bottle," he explained disgustedly. Then he looked away, unable to face me, "I sure acted like a gutless coward out there, didn't I?"

"It wasn't lack of true courage," I reassured him. "The liquor you've been drinking probably fouled up your nerves."

"I still want to try for an elephant," he pleaded. "If you'll give me another chance . . . without the liquor?"

I believe in giving any man a second chance . . . which is often his only chance to become a man. I took Wheeler to the Lake Victoria country just south of the Uganda border and gave him his chance to grow up. He performed like a real hunter, downing his tusker without a hitch . . . and without gin. **END**

THE AMAZING REASONS MEN LIKE PAGAN PIN-UPS

(Continued from page 39)

entertained by are, as a matter of fact, things which they would never dare discuss with their friends.

When a man's savage under-currents are swelling within him, what does he look for in a pin-up picture?

First of all, he obviously doesn't want the pin-up beauty to look too virtuous.

Secondly, he wants this kind of pin-up queen to look as if she's as honest as the sunrise itself. If she wants him, she'll say so; and if she doesn't, she'll spit on him.

Thirdly, he wants this kind of pin-up beauty to look as if she'll fight. Should a man decide to take her, he could damn well expect the biggest battle of his life. Should he win, he might also anticipate the sweetest triumph of his life.

One psychiatrist put it to me even more boldly. "From time to time," he said, "every man wants to be with a slut. There are periods when neither his wife, the most proud beauty in the country, or for that matter, any good girl could satisfy him. He wants to do things no good girl would allow; indeed he couldn't even allow himself to do them with her. He wants, to use the vernacular, the kind of roll that only a thorough-going hussy could give him."

**5 DRESSES
For \$2.75**

**NOW READY! GORGEOUS, SMART,
MODERN STYLE DRESSES FOR ALL
OCCASIONS!**



Now you can look smart and stylish with sensational low priced glamorous dresses that have been cleaned and pressed — in good condition for all occasions! A tremendous assortment of gorgeous one and two piece modern styles in all beautiful colors — in a variety of luxurious fabrics of rayons, cottons, gabardines, woolsens, silks, etc. Expensive dresses—original value up to \$40!

FREE! 12 Different Sets of Button Cards! 5 to 8 matched buttons on each card. Worth a few dollars — but yours FREE with dress order.

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1 GUILD MAIL ORDER HOUSE, Dept. 242
One of the oldest and largest mail order houses of its kind!
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Rush my 5 assorted dresses in size circled below with Free Button Cards. Enclosed find \$1 deposit, balance C.O.D. plus postage. Money returned if not completely satisfied. Canadian and foreign orders accepted.

Circle Size:
Girl's Sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14 are 5 for \$2.75
Junior Miss Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15 are 5 for \$3.75
Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 38, 40, 42, 44, 5 for \$3.75
Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 for \$3.75
Extra Large Sizes 46, 48, 50, 52 are 5 for \$4.75

☐ Check here to save C.O.D. fee. Send full amount with 25c postage.

☐ Please send FREE CATALOG FOR FAMILY.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

**MEDICAL TABLET DISCOVERY
NEW EFFECTIVE TREATMENT
FOR CRUSTS, SCALES, PATCHES OF**

**PSORIASIS
TROPISAN**

No Messy Oils—Simple, Easy, SAFE TROPISAN!
Say goodbye to smelly, greasy oils and salves. TROPISAN, newly discovered medical tablet, gives welcome relief from itchy scales, patches and other external symptoms of Psoriasis. TROPISAN goes to work through the blood stream. Absolutely safe, fast, easy to take. No mess, no fuss, no sticky bandages to mar work or play. TROPISAN—the proven "effective treatment." Every reported case stated that TROPISAN relieved symptoms to some degree with continuous use. Send \$1.00 today for Trial Offer. Address:

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114 E. 32 St., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

CORNS·CALLOUSES

Lift Right Off in 30 Minutes
Say goodbye to laming corns and callouses that make you limp around in torture. New easy safe painless liquid discovery called Half-Hour Cornmaser removes even stubborn corns and callouses in 30 minutes! Just dab on, let set, lift off. No cutting, no pain. Removes soft corns between toes just as easy. Not in stores. Send \$1 for enough to get rid of 25 corns and callouses. Fastest, Special 5 for \$2.50. If C.O.D. postage extra. \$1 deposit on C.O.D. orders. Be delighted in 30 minutes or return for money back. Write to:

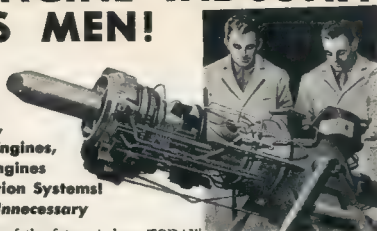
TINTZ CO., Dept. 582 336 N. Michigan Ave. Chicago 2, Ill.

70¢ Hair Test
Don't despair because hair is unnaturally dried out, harsh, unruly, hard-to-curl or hard-to-stylish. Unmanageable, dull, lifeless-looking, so brittle because it lacks oils it breaks off prematurely on comb or brush. Send 70¢ for 20 day trial test. NIT-O-NAL LANOLIN COMPOUND that restores dry hair beautifully. Counteracts dryness as long as you use it. Rush 70¢ to:

NIT-O-NAL CO., Dept. 583
230 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

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Tremendous Future with Good Pay for Qualified Men, 17-55, in Jet Engines, Gas Turbine Engines and Fuel Injection Systems! —Experience Unnecessary



The engine power of the future is here TODAY! Aircraft and other industries are being revolutionized by jet engines, gas turbine engines and fuel injection systems! Help is needed NOW! Tremendous opportunities for you if in on ground floor. Large "HELP WANTED" advertisements in leading newspapers tell the story: a serious shortage of trained qualified help. Here's your chance to get into the jet industry while it's in its infancy! Starting salaries for 40-hours up to \$117.00 per week for trained qualified men: industry maximum benefits such as automatic pay increases, paid holidays, vacations with pay, group hospitalization, surgery and life insurance, pensions, cost of living allowance, recreational facilities and other important advantages. NON-ENGINEERING positions. Office or shop jobs. Help given in financing training through easy terms. Get the facts! They're FREE of cost obligation. But the need for men between 17 to 55 is great, so don't delay! Write TODAY!

**JET ENGINE DIVISION, Northwest Schools
Dept. 2910, 228 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.**

Please send me full information without obligation about your Jet Engine Training Program.

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Address _____

Age _____

Hours I work _____ Education _____ Phone _____

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From your own Photo or Snapshot

HAVE LOADS OF FUN—SWAP PHOTOS with friends, sweetheart, classmates, etc. It's the craze today... enclose your own photo and ask for one in exchange. Any photo, of you, graduation classes, weddings, parties and picnics, pets or babies will be reproduced on double weight portrait paper.

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Rush your name and address. Enclose your favorite photos and payment. Original will be returned with 25 copies.

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Please send me the following. I
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☐ 25 WALLET SIZE photos (from
one pose) \$1.00. Add 10c for
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ROXANNE STUDIOS, Box 138, Dept. 526
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Psychologists agree that no man wants to be completely civilized. That's why as this country becomes more refined in its way of living, American men will probably turn increasingly to such things as "pagan" pin-ups, in order to give vent to the half-savage impulses that will continue to lurk within them.

END

I WAS TRAPPED IN TERROR TRENCH

(Continued from page 34)

Makoma insisted upon coming with me. Cautiously we followed the spoor when, trumpeting raucously, the bull suddenly charged.

I fired both barrels but still the great brute came on. I dived for the shelter of some trees. Instead of following me, Makoma stood his ground, firing the light rifle. Scrambling to my feet and hurriedly reloading I saw the end of Makoma. The bull was trampling him into the earth. The elephant then walked away.

He led me a long, tiring chase. Finally I saw him standing in a small, rocky clearing. The way his trunk and ears were waving I knew that he was trying to scent or hear me. But his rear end was toward me and I wanted to get close enough for a brain shot.

I began circling. Presently I was facing the bull from a distance of about 50 paces.

Here the ground was seamed with gullies and I walked along the bottom of one until I was no more than ten paces away. Climbing out I moved quickly to one side so that I would have the sun behind me. Also behind me was a hole about six feet wide and about eight feet in length and depth. My plan was that when the bull charged I would fire both barrels, then jump across the hole. Even if my shots didn't kill him, the time it would take him to come around the hole would give me time to reload and fire again.

And as I planned it all—he winded me and charged.

When he was within a few feet of me I fired both barrels, then turned to leap over the hole. But my foot slipped and I tumbled headlong into it. The fall stunned me.

When I opened my eyes everything was dark; I could not see the sky. Slowly I understood. I had killed the bull and, in falling, the impetus of his charge had caused his monstrous bulk to roll atop the hole.

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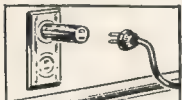


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I was buried alive by the carcass of an elephant.

Striking a match I examined my prison. There was a lot of debris, including twigs and sticks, at the bottom of the trench, and also a small inner cave about two feet from the bottom, about the size of my body and roughly four feet from front to rear. A small stream trickled along one side.

I made a small fire from twigs. The better light showed me that escape was hopeless; it would take scores of natives and oxen to move the dead elephant wedged into the top.

To hope for help seemed equally futile, for I was in a stretch of uninhabited country.

The heat was stifling. There was just enough air to allow me to breathe.

I saw only a 100-to-1 chance of escape. That would be if animals and birds ate away enough of the huge carcass to allow me to pull myself up through the skeleton.

I could not find my rifle. When I felt it must have fallen out of my hand on to the far side of the pit.

My watch had been smashed in my fall and as the dead elephant blocked out all light I could tell night from day only by sounds. First I heard vultures, but even their powerful beaks and claws would be unable to make any impression on the pachyderm's hide until decomposition set in. Presently the cries and snarling of hyenas and jackals told me it was night. But even they would have to wait until the heavy hide was softened by decay. But in such heat decay would be swift.

The trickling water was refreshing. Repeatedly I gulped mouthfuls and splashed it on my face.

This must have lasted about three days and nights, when there came an explosion. The bulky carcass, distended by inner gases, had burst. Now the scavenging beasts and birds could feast. It also brought the lions; I could hear them plainly.

But would the host of animal, bird and insect life now feeding on the carcass devour it in time to save my life? There were tons of flesh to eat; and as each bird and beast became satiated they would retire and sleep. And for want of food and fresh air I was slowly dying.

Up to now I had not once called for help for two reasons: there would hardly be anyone within ear-shot, and, in any case, the huge bulk blocking the opening of the trench would have muffled my cries. But as soon as the dead bull was skeletonized I would start shouting.

By now, I calculated, I had been entombed for six days and five nights. And I was so weak I doubt-

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ed that I would be able to haul myself to freedom through the giant skeleton if the opportunity offered.

The stench was nauseating as the huge hulk of flesh rotted more hourly. There were no lions feeding on it now, but the hyenas, jackals, vultures and countless other smaller beasts, birds and insects continued the feast.

Another long night of fitful dozing and then, looking up, I saw a tiny crack of daylight. Some of the feasting things above me had worked right through to the lower hide of the dead bull.

Next, things started to fall on me. At first a few at a time, and then a steady shower. Hurriedly I struck a match—and almost collapsed from sheer horror. Maggots, yellowish and about two inches long, were raining upon me. They were eating their way through the last thickness of hide and falling right through.

The bottom of the trench was already inches thick with a squirming mass of the repulsive larva. I cried out in my revulsion, then, squashing over them, scrambled into the small cave. By lying on my back I sheltered my head and torso, but it was not deep enough for me to curl into entirely; my legs from the knees down dangled outside.

Now my control snapped and I started to shout at the top of my voice . . . wild words in both English and native dialect . . . pleas for help, curses for the maggots, anything so long as it might bring release from what might yet prove to be my tomb.

The noise of my shouts in the

confined space of the small cave surged about my ears in a deafening clamor. And then my last strength left me and everything dissolved into nothingness.

Days later I recovered consciousness in bed in the tiny outpost hospital at Napusa. As I opened my eyes the native nurse hurried away to return with the resident medical officer, Doctor Frank Burns.

"You'll pull through," he told me, "but we've had quite a time with you."

He then told me that stray natives had been watching the host of things feeding on the dead elephant for days, awaiting their chance to hack free the tusks. It had not entered their heads that a man might be buried beneath the dead tusker. And then had come my shouts. They had immediately rescued me.

"Just as soon as I'm on my feet I'll see that they're well rewarded," I said weakly.

A peculiar expression flitted across Dr. Burns' face. Then as gently and sympathetically as possible he told me that my legs from the knees down had been riddled through and through by maggots. Mortification had set in, obliging him to amputate.

It took me time to get over the shock. Then came gratefulness that my life had been saved before the maggots had started eating my body.

Today, with the aid of artificial legs, I go about my business contentedly and comfortably. But the maggots have ended my hunting days for all time.

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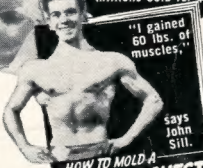
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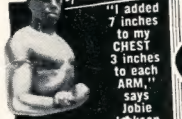
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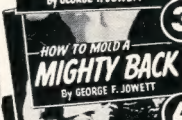
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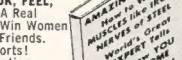
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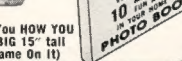
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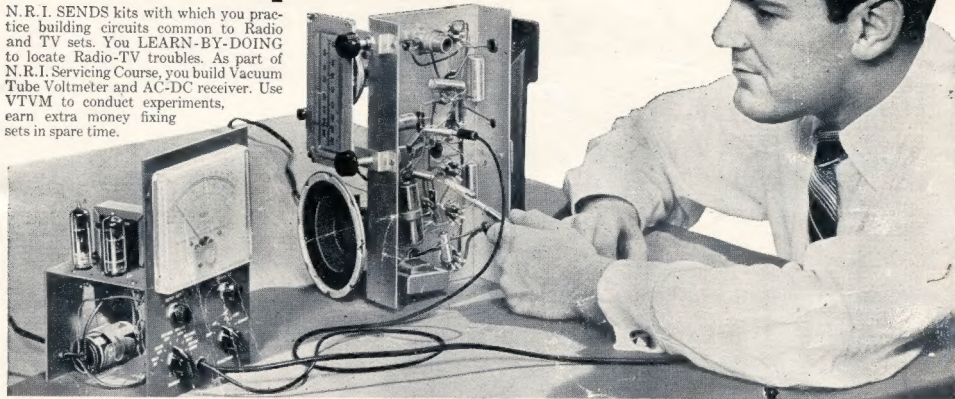
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